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## CATHOLIC PROSPECTS.

SURELY the conversion of England must be nearer than we have been accustomed to think. If it is not so, how can we account for the storm of wrath with which the *mind* of the Protestant public has been shaken by the re-Christianising of England? The raging terror which has agitated so large a portion of the middle and upper classes of English society is more than a mere periodical panic. It is something different from those popular agitations which have been so frequent in the history of this country. It cannot be attributed solely to the stimulus of newspaper articles, or to the influence of the Anglican clergy, or to a regard for the spiritual supremacy of the Queen, or to a sense of affronted nationalism, or to a stupid confounding of the temporal with the spiritual rights of the secular power, or to the old vulgar dread of Popery and persecution, or to the commanding tone of the official language employed by his Holiness and by Cardinal Wiseman in their published documents, or to all these supposed causes united. There is something more than these, more mysterious, more awful, and more significant, hidden from the bodily hearing alike of Catholics and Protestants, but manifest to the ear of faith. That which seems to so many to be the noble shout of offended British patriotism, is no more than the passionate cry of the spirit of darkness as he hears the Holy Name pronounced by the ambassadors of Him who rules alike in heaven, in earth, and in hell, over that mighty demoniac of three centuries old, the Established Protestantism of England.

The Established Church, be it never forgotten, is *the* great opponent of Jesus Christ in this island. Add together all the Dissenting sects, account their heretical tenets at their worst, number up the deeds of hostility against the Catholic Church

of which they have been guilty since they first sprang into being, note rigidly the obstacles they now present towards the conversion of the people, and their crimes and their power alike will appear to be almost as nothing in comparison with those of her who is in her very essence the creation of the spirit of rebellion against God. She alone is the true embodiment of that sin for which Satan was cast out of heaven. They have all started into being from out of her fruitful body. The heresiarchs of Dissent first imbibed their hatred of the true Church from the Anglican Establishment. From her they inherited their ignorance, their obstinacy, their intellectual pride; and for the most part it has been in the very act of maintaining some Catholic, though perverted and maimed doctrine of the Gospel, that they have been cast out with ignominy from her whose whole existence depends on the substitution of the rule of man for the rule of Almighty God.

Let it not be forgotten that three centuries of existence have not changed the nature of the Established Church. The longest life does not convert an African into a European, or a dog into a man. The Anglican body is still that identical creature which was first formed by Henry VIII., and brought up by Elizabeth. She is the incarnation of the spirit of rebellion, as truly as when her father Henry exclaimed in his madness, "I am the master of the Church of God!" The purpose for which she was created she must fulfil unto the end, by the irrevocable law of her being. Other heretical bodies in this empire have been founded for the maintenance of some supposed Christian truth; she was founded for the very purpose of setting up the abomination of desolation in the temple of the Most High. And with all the wiles of Satanic skill has she hitherto accomplished her work; or rather, with all his ancient mastery in deception has he, who is incarnate in her continued his unwearied resistance to the salvation of souls, by her means. No other English sect wears the faintest resemblance to the Church which Jesus Christ set up on earth. It has been for her to pretend to an Apostolical succession of Bishops, to steal large fragments of old Catholic prayers, to chant old Catholic hymns, to repeat old Catholic creeds, to ape the very exclusiveness of Catholicism, and, by a cunning mixture of latitudinarianism and orthodoxy in her formularies, to permit unwary souls to approach the very threshold of the house of God, while yet held fast in her adamantine embrace. To her has been entrusted the management and possession of the most subtle of all snares in an age and country like those of modern England—the snare of wealth and respectability. In no other land has heresy succeeded in grasping so large a por-



tion of the wealth of the ancient Church, wherewith to purchase the support of an infatuated generation. The English Establishment could buy up the temporal possessions of the Protestant bodies of the whole of Europe, and of all the schismatics and heretics of the East, with as much ease as a millionaire buys up the houses and fields of an impoverished country town or parish. She alone pays largely for the support of her adherents; she alone, while making the most Christian of professions, appeals to the most sordid of passions. The sons of Mahomet cried, "There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet," and enforced an obedient response with their glittering scimitars; she commands the proudest of all races to admit with one breath the Athanasian Creed and the Royal Supremacy, and bribes her victims to assent with a revenue of three millions sterling.

But now her end is approaching. She has herself betrayed the hollowness of her claims, and played the fool before the people whom she still presumes to teach. The political liberty which was ensured to the English people by the Catholic barons and ecclesiastics who won *Magna Charta* has borne such fruit, even beneath the sway of a king-made Church, that every man esteems himself as good as his teacher, and assumes the right to test her pretensions by his own personal opinions. Anglicanism in any shape, whether Evangelical, High-Church, or Puseyite, is no longer regarded as the *only* truth in the world. A race of men has been born who can see in her Prayer-book nothing more than the clauses of an Act of Parliament, and in her anathemas and creeds nothing better than the decisions of a court of law. And just at this very season, in the very crisis of her destiny, has she come forward solemnly before the world, and protested that she utterly disavows the dogmatic principle, that her clergy may teach whatever they please so that they do not teach obedience to the Pope, and that with all the pretensions of a messenger from God, she does not even yet know the message she is commissioned to convey. Concordantly with this strange avowal, the Pope comes forward, and restores England to her place in the Christian Church. He makes no new claims upon her obedience; he never yet for a moment ceased to demand the obedience of all baptised Christians; he simply does for England what he has long done for Ireland, and what the English Government has acquiesced in his doing in her colonies, even to the salaried Bishops he has appointed; when in a moment the vast Establishment rocks again with the echoes of her own frantic cries, and she trembles as though the sword of the Spirit of God were already piercing her heart.

And as the Establishment is the stronghold of the anti-christian power, so is this astonishing panic confined to the classes who are in her interest, and who thrive upon her pretensions. With so few exceptions as to be of no real weight, the hue and cry against the Hierarchy has not descended into the vast body of the English *people*; nor has it been taken up by the influential among the Nonconformists. The immense democracy has long since withdrawn its affections from the Established Church. Little affection, indeed, did it ever yield to her. But such as it has formerly vouchsafed it has completely resumed; and it stands as ready to welcome Catholicism to its heart, as if no Protestant Archbishop sat at Lambeth, and the Thirty-nine Articles were become a repealed parliamentary statute. Every where during the agitations of the last eight or ten weeks, the agitators have been found almost exclusively amongst the Established clergy, the shopkeepers, the professional classes, and a section of the aristocracy and gentry. The Dissenters have for the most part been too wise to bolster up that very Royal Supremacy which they abhor as antichristian, or to forge fetters to be hereafter fastened upon their own limbs. While as to the labouring poor, the attempt to enlist them in the warfare has proved a signal failure; they stand by, and look on, and are puzzled; but if they lift up their voices, it is more likely that they cry "No Bishops," than "No Popery."

The outburst, then, which still rings in our ears, is, in fact, the work of the Establishment, and of the Establishment alone, and as such it must be interpreted. It is not the national voice. It is no indication that there exists any really popular feeling against the Catholic Church, more hostile and deeper than we have hitherto imagined. It is no pledge of coming persecutions from the multitude; no proof that the power of evil holds the people of England in a thralldom from which nothing but extraordinary graces can set them free. Nor can it fairly be taken as any pledge of the latent strength in the fortress of the Established Church herself. There is little hostility to be discerned to Catholic doctrines, one by one, or to the spiritual supremacy of the Pope, when rightly understood. The ideas lying beneath the deluge of sounds are so stupid, so silly, so ignorant, and so suicidal, that they cannot be dignified even with the title of heresy. They are nothing but a noisy rant, the hallooing of an excited multitude, shouting they know not what; and so terrified at some invisible foe, that in their madness they trample upon one another, and cry aloud until they sink down with sheer exhaustion. When we analyse all that has been said



and done in this wild warfare, it is difficult to say what all the remonstrants and petitioners mean, what they agree in, or what they want. There is one only feeling to be detected, predominating every where. They are fiercely angry with the Pope, but doubly enraged against the Puseyites. The whole movement bears every impress of being supernaturally inspired by the evil one, under whose direction the Anglican communion was first called into being, and of being mysteriously controlled by the finger of God, so that even in his blasphemies the rebel angel testifies to the power of Jesus Christ and to the presence of his Church. It is precisely that mixture of rage, fear, and absurdity which so often characterises the outward manifestations of diabolical agency when brought into contact with the exorcisms of Catholic faith.

As such, therefore, we hail the reception which the Pope's Bull has met with from the Anglican body as a confession that the hand of God is upon her. It is a pledge that our prayers are being answered, that the hour of hand-to-hand conflict is nigh, and that the spirit of darkness is about to be dispossessed of the land where he has so long held empire. The yell of the exorcised demon is never heard for nought. In his season of victory he smiles; it is when he trembles for his throne that he redoubles his blasphemies, and lashes himself in his rage. Mark him now, as with true Satanic folly he is accomplishing the work of God upon himself, and undermining the castle wherein he is fortified. Listen to the turbulence of voices within the Anglican citadel. Hark, how amid the uproar against Catholicism the cry against the traitors in the camp rises loud into the air; and the doomed garrison is about to exercise vengeance upon some of the stoutest of its own ranks. Let them rage, then, and swell; let them smite one another till they are weary; let them exhaust themselves with internal struggles and passionate demonstrations against the hosts that beleaguer them. Their doom is sealed; their fate approaches; they are doing our work, and they know it not. *Sooner or later*, they fall. *We* may not see the end of the Establishment, but that end has *begun*.

Whether, indeed, the Anglicanism of England, even when dying, may be able to wreak its vengeance upon the Church by deluding the Parliament into some penal enactments against us, no eye can yet foresee. We think it improbable that any such result will follow from the irritation of the present hour. Still, small as are the Church-of-England party in actual numbers, they are influential in the House of Commons and the House of Lords. Though the people are against them, the aristocracy (who hold the patronage of their livings) are, to a



considerable extent, with them. It is *possible*, therefore, that they may entrap the legislature into some statute by which it will stultify itself, and forbid the assumption of the new titles by Catholic Bishops. But what will follow? The whole sympathies of every honest Englishman with a suffering Church, persecuted for no offence whatever, and made the victims of an *ex post facto* law, in order to prop up a gigantic Establishment in the possession of its ascendancy and wealth. The moral and spiritual effects of such a glaring act of unprovoked despotism would be immense. The rebound in our favour would terrify the promoters of the persecution, and make them tremble with more reason than ever for their footing in the country. The *permanent* execution of any such penal enactment we hold to be impossible. For a brief space it might be enforced; but if we ourselves were to meet it with a unanimous and determined contempt, a Government might as well think of prosecuting the Archbishop of Tuam, in Ireland, for calling himself by his true title, as Cardinal Wiseman, in England, for assuming the title of Archbishop of Westminster. Imagine the instantaneous result of some united episcopal act from the Cardinal and all his suffragans, totally ignoring the new persecuting law, quietly proceeding with their spiritual functions, and leaving the Government to do its worst upon them. Imagine a state prosecution, a condemnation, and its consequences. Imagine our venerable prelates carried by soldiery through the streets of London, and consigned to a common gaol, as felons or rebels against the spiritual supremacy of the temporal power. Who is so blind as not to see that of all the devices which the spirit of evil could plan for his own overthrow and for the triumph of Catholicism, none could be so efficacious or so instantaneous in its operation? We *may* see it, indeed; for there are seasons when the folly of Satan is equal to his malice. He slew the Son of God made flesh, and by the very act completed the redemption of the race whom he would have held in bondage. And such has been his conduct again and again in making war upon those who inherit their Master's cross, in the pangs it inflicts as well as in the blessings it has purchased. The whole history of the Catholic Church is a record of conflicts, in which Satan has been unwittingly his own deadliest foe; while from the blood of martyrs have sprung the fairest trees in the spiritual garden.

We prepare ourselves, therefore, for *any* result. The strength of a dying madman is fearful; and though he expires in the act of putting it forth, his blows strike heavily on all who are within the reach of his arm. But whatever be the

expiring deeds of the Establishment, they can but touch our bodies and our possessions. They cannot touch our wills or our affections; and if we are faithful and courageous, they cannot stay for an instant the progress of our faith amongst our countrymen. The work is in our own hands; the arm of the Almighty is uplifted, and it waits only our more fervent, more united, and more confident prayers, to bare itself in the face of the haughtiest of nations, and humble its pride in the dust. The conversion of England depends upon the faith, love, and self-sacrifice of the Catholics within its borders. For so rich a prize *some* price must be paid. And if it pleases God not to require from us the same yielding up of our riches, our freedom, and our very lives, which He demanded from our fathers, at the very least He exacts that perfect conquest of ourselves which will not only impel us to pray and labour, but will make our prayers and labours effectual in their pleadings before his throne.

Thus, then, we enter upon our first year as citizens of a Catholic country, since the day when the spirit of rebellion became incarnate in the sovereign and constitution of England. The year now past was the jubilee year of the whole Christian Church. Shorn, alas! it has been of its wonted splendours. Tribulation in many things has been the lot of the supreme Pastor, and the flock have mourned with the shepherd. But for England it has been a true year of jubilee. Her name is no longer blotted out from the book of the faithful. She has passed through the fire, and been blessed with a gift never before accorded to any apostate people. May we, who live in the season of her sunshine, be found not unworthy children of those who braved the power of the persecutor, and held fast their faith, for 300 years of darkness and storm!

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## CELEBRATED SANCTUARIES OF THE MADONNA.

### No. IV.—MILAN.

#### *The Question of Miraculous Images. — Santa Maria presso S. Celso.*

THE beautiful cathedral of Milan is probably the finest building in the world dedicated to the Mother of God; and were we to trace its history back to its very first origin, doubtless



we should find many interesting traits of devotion to Mary exhibited by those who began or from time to time have carried on that most magnificent fabric, many vows that have been made there, many supernatural gifts received, and, in a word, everything that would fairly entitle it to be ranked amongst the most famous sanctuaries of the Madonna. Our selection, however, being of necessity very limited, we have preferred taking another sanctuary from that city; one that can boast of even higher antiquity, and which will give us an opportunity that we have desired, of making some remarks upon a class of miracles sometimes attributed to pictures and images of the Madonna, and of special interest just now, in consequence of all that has been happening at Rimini.

Two names familiar to every Catholic, St. Ambrose and St. Charles Borromeo, illustrate the ecclesiastical history of the capital of Lombardy; and every thing that is sacred there is pretty sure to be connected more or less closely with one or other of them; perhaps, as in the present instance, with both.

“ Ambrosius renovat, renovat quoque Carolus urbem.  
Urbis uterque parens, orbis uterque decus.”

Most persons who have read ever so little of the history of the ancient Church, know the interesting story of the first of these Saints finding the bodies of the martyrs Gervasius and Protasius, which lay unknown beneath the church of St. Nabor. And this was not the only instance in which that holy champion of the faith was made the instrument of bringing to light the hidden resting-places of the martyrs, and so restoring to the Church precious relics which she knew not of. It almost seems, if we may so speak, as if he had had a peculiar *gift* in this matter, which he exercised not uncommonly; such, at least, is the idea which is conveyed to us by the language of his secretary and biographer, Paulinus, in the history which we have now to relate.

St. Ambrose had gone to a garden outside the city to remove the body of St. Nazarius, and to translate it to the Basilica of the Apostles; and as soon as this body had been taken out of the ground and laid on a bier, “ straightway we accompanied the holy Bishop to St. Celsus Martyr, who lay buried in the same garden, to pray there. Nevertheless, we could never discover that the Bishop had ever prayed in that place before; but this was a token of the body of a martyr having been revealed to him, if he went to pray in a place where he had never been before.”\*

In the case of SS. Gervasius and Protasius, St. Augustine tells us that the Bishop was guided to the object of his search

\* Vita S. Ambros. c. 33; Opera, tom. i. p. xiii. Paris, 1836.



by a dream, and St. Ambrose himself says that his heart burned within him in presage of what was to happen; so we must suppose that something of the same kind happened here also; certainly the existence of a martyr's body in this place does not seem to have been at all known or suspected before the Bishop came to it on this occasion. Then, when they came to inquire of the owners of the garden, they found that there was a traditionary report in the family that it contained very great treasures; they said their fathers had told them to take care never to remove to any other place, neither they nor their children after them, for that rich treasures were buried there. And now it was revealed through St. Ambrose what those rich treasures were; that they were not riches such as "the rust and moth consume, or thieves break through and steal," but riches whereof God himself is the guardian, who hath said not a hair of their heads shall perish, —the body of one who, in company with St. Nazarius, had suffered martyrdom for the faith in the very earliest ages of the Church.

The body of St. Nazarius was translated; but it would seem that that of St. Celsus was suffered to remain in its place, and only a little oratory raised over the spot as a memorial, apparently not much more than a wall with a niche, on which were painted the Madonna and Child, such as one sees by the roadside in the Tyrol and other Catholic countries. Not long afterwards a church was built in the immediate neighbourhood in honour of St. Celsus, yet without destroying this niche and painting, which gradually became a favourite object of devotion with the people; for when the Archbishop Landolf, in the tenth century, wished to build here a Benedictine monastery, to be attached to the church of St. Celsus, it is expressly mentioned that he proposed to include this oratory within the limits of his building. It appears, however, to have retained its original simplicity of form until the year 1430, when Philip Maria Visconti, Duke of Milan, determined to erect an altar before it, and to enclose it in a little chapel; an iron grating, to defend the painting, and a silken veil, only to be drawn aside on special occasions, were probably added at the same time. He seems to have been moved to do this by observing the number of persons who frequented the place for purposes of devotion, and the general belief that favours were dispensed here to the clients of Mary with a liberal hand. This belief and devotion must have been very prevalent already, otherwise the Duke would scarcely have founded five chaplaincies at once. During the next fifty years, however, it considerably increased, so that in

1483 some of the most noble citizens of Milan formed themselves into a kind of committee for the erection of another and more spacious church, by means of the costly oblations which the gratitude of the faithful was continually placing at their disposal. Collections for this purpose were gradually proceeding, when a wonder of quite a different character from any that had ever before been exhibited at this picture excited afresh the admiration and faith of the people, and caused the new church to be executed on a scale of richness and magnificence far beyond any thing that had been originally contemplated.

Towards the end of a Mass which was being celebrated at this altar on the morning of the 30th December, 1485, the veil by which the picture was concealed from public view was suddenly withdrawn without the apparent intervention of any human hand, the whole picture appeared resplendent with a supernatural brightness, and finally, the arms of the Madonna were seen to open, as if with the intention of encircling in a maternal embrace her afflicted children before her (Milan was at this time suffering the most cruel ravages from the plague), and then were again folded as before upon her breast. More than 300 persons were witnesses to this miracle, and the fame of it was soon noised abroad throughout the city. Monsignor Rolando, Bishop *in partibus* and Vicar-General of Milan under the Cardinal Archbishop Giovanni Arcimboldi, immediately instituted a legal examination of the fact; and being satisfied as to its truth, he issued a pastoral, in which not only was the supernatural character of the apparition approved, but indulgences were granted to those who visited the picture on certain of our Lady's festivals, as also on the 30th of December, the anniversary of this miracle; and it is added, as a fact notorious to all those to whom the pastoral was addressed, that many persons who had been struck with the plague were afterwards miraculously restored to health in the presence of this representation of the Mother of Mercy. We will not stop to describe the immense size nor the abundant costly materials of the new church; suffice it to say, that it was completed before the end of the century, that Bramante was the architect, and that gold and silver, bronze and marbles, were lavished with the utmost profusion upon the whole fabric. It was to this church that St. Charles Borromeo directed the third and most solemn procession of the people and clergy of Milan during the tremendous pestilence of 1576. His contemporary and biographer, Pietro Guissano,\* describes it as a church which was in the highest

\* Vita di S. Carlo, lib. iv. c. 4, p. 269.



possible veneration, and to which there was a continual concourse of worshippers, by reason of the numerous favours which were received there through the intercession of the Queen of Heaven; and he adds, that St. Charles took the opportunity on this occasion of recommending and enforcing upon his hearers a fervent devotion towards this most merciful of mothers. Either his preaching must have been most effective, or else it can scarcely have been needed, for if we may believe the testimony of Morigia, a writer of authority and an eye-witness, the church was frequented on certain special festivals, about this very time, by more than a hundred thousand persons in a day.

There is nothing in the subsequent history of this sanctuary sufficiently interesting to make it worth while to pursue it any further; we are anxious, however, to make some observations upon the fact which must be considered the foundation of its modern celebrity, the miraculous movement of the hands and arms on the 30th December, 1485. There are probably few of our readers who are not more or less struck at first sight by the apparent strangeness of such a phenomenon. That a person who had been deaf and dumb from his birth should suddenly receive the powers of hearing and of speech, or that one who had been born blind should suddenly receive his sight, in the presence of some painting or statue of the Madonna, is of course miraculous, but it is not, in the sense in which we have here used the word, *strange*; on the contrary, it is a fact of very frequent occurrence in the history of these sanctuaries, and is sometimes acknowledged even by Protestants themselves, who conceive that they find a sufficient explanation of it in the earnest faith of the persons relieved. Such facts may be improbable, but they are not self-evidently absurd; neither is there any thing strange or grotesque about them, any thing that looks ridiculous, which there certainly is to a Protestant mind, and indeed (we need not hesitate to say) to human reason unenlightened by faith, in the assertion that a fresco upon a wall, or a painting on canvass, or a statue of wood or of stone, spoke or moved, or performed any other function of a living agent.

In the last sanctuary whose history we gave, that of Our Lady of the Prisons at Prato, it was said that the Blessed Virgin was seen to descend from a painting on the wall, to leave the Infant Jesus on the ground playing with a bird which also formed part of the picture, to illuminate the interior of the prison by her presence, and then to return, again take the Child in her arms, and resume her original position upon the wall. To-day we have just read of a fresco



in which, when it was more than 1000 years old, the Madonna was seen to stretch forth her hand and draw back a curtain, to spread out her arms, and then to fold them again. Elsewhere\* we read of another painting of the Madonna, also 1000 years old, in one of the churches in Rome, which opened the locked doors by which it was enclosed, in the middle of a High Mass on Whitsunday the 5th of June, 1672; and in another place† we read of one in a church in Brescia which opened and shut its eyes and clasped its hands, and the representation of the Child in the same picture also moved and raised its hands in a similar manner on Whitsunday 1524.

Can any thing be conceived more ridiculous? asks the Protestant, and refuses to hear any more about the matter; just as we should refuse to listen to a man who pretended to have received a direct revelation from Heaven assuring him that the Christian religion was false and the worship of Jupiter true. The Catholic, on the other hand, when first he hears of such stories, is struck by their apparent strangeness, and thinks them, perhaps, extremely improbable; still, he knows that they are not absolutely impossible; and since they are in no way opposed to the articles of his faith, but rather confirmatory of some of them, he does not refuse to listen to the evidence that may be put before him. He may be a man of a very hard, severe, and critical turn of mind; yet, even so, he will only require that the evidence shall be unusually clear, positive, and unquestionable, because the fact which it is intended to prove is unusual also; he will not be satisfied with the testimony of a few witnesses, perhaps not even of twenty; he will sift and re-sift, question and cross-question, to see whether it might not be some deceit, some fancy of an overheated imagination, or some extraordinary optical illusion; but in the end, if he should find that there is no room for any of these conjectures, if the evidence should prove to be altogether beyond exception, he will not dream of withholding his assent, and in proportion to his previous incredulity will be the firmness of his present convictions.

But is there, then, our readers will ask, is there for any of these extraordinary stories evidence of such a character? evidence really conclusive, and which could not fail to satisfy an impartial jury, even though the witnesses were subjected to the severest cross-examination at the hands of some clever and determined *devil's advocate*? We do not hesitate to answer this question in the affirmative; to assert that there is sufficient evidence positively to *command* the assent of any

\* Riccardi, vol. ii. p. 521.

† Astolfi, Storia Univ. delle Imag. Mirac. p. 540, ed. Venice, 1624.

moderately candid person, even of one possessed by prejudices to the contrary, provided only that he does not refuse to listen to it, and that he consents to submit to those laws by which human testimony is ordinarily tried. In order to establish the truth of this assertion, which some perhaps may almost be disposed to condemn as rash, we propose to examine at some length, not one of the stories which have hitherto been mentioned, because they are so ancient that it is impossible at this distance of time and place to collect the necessary materials; nor yet the story of the Madonna at Rimini, because as yet we have not received any authorised publication of the facts; but we propose to take a number of miracles belonging to this class which happened simultaneously in the city of Rome towards the end of the last century, a time which for all practical purposes in an inquiry of this kind may be considered as identical with our own.

On the 1st of February, 1796, the inhabitants of Arezzo in Tuscany were much alarmed by several shocks of an earthquake, which were repeated with more or less frequency and violence for a whole fortnight. On the evening of the 15th instant, three men were taking some refreshment in a small inn on the outskirts of the town, and talking with their hostess about the last shock, which had been felt at three o'clock that morning, and of the probability of another during the ensuing night; presently they knelt down to recite the Litany together before a picture of the Madonna that hung over the chimney-piece, having first placed a lighted lamp before it. It was not long before their prayers were interrupted by an exclamation from one of them that the countenance of the Madonna was changing colour, and seemed as though it were of a living person; they removed the lamp, yet the same appearance still remained. *Miracolo, miracolo!* soon resounded throughout the house, and from the house it was soon spread to the neighbourhood, so that an immense crowd was attracted to the place. Before midnight the Bishop himself arrived, examined the picture, and having satisfied himself that there was something supernatural about it, removed it to a neighbouring chapel, and from thence three days afterwards to the cathedral, the changes in the colour and general appearance of the Madonna still continuing. There was no subsequent return of the earthquake, and several persons received miraculous cures. All the facts of the case were printed and published at the time with the consent and by the authority of the Bishop; and the picture has remained a popular object of devotion ever since, under the title of *Santa Maria del Conforto*, in a chapel built expressly to receive it.



On the 29th of May in the same year a wooden statue of our Lady of Favours (*delle Grazie*) in Torricella, in the diocese of Taranto, in the kingdom of Naples, was seen to shed tears in such abundance as thoroughly to bathe the vestments with which the statue was covered, besides many other cloths with which it was attempted to wipe them away. Information was immediately sent both by the ecclesiastical and civil authorities of the place to the Archbishop, who was at that time holding a visitation in a distant part of his diocese. On the 20th of June he repaired to the spot, minutely inspected the statue, instituted a formal examination of all the facts of the case, and finally, on the 15th of July, published a decree declaring the prodigy to be proved, and exempt from all doubt.

A few days after this examination had been begun, a similar wonder was manifested in a statue of the Madonna (of San Ciriaco, as it was called) in Ancona. In the evening of Saturday the 25th of June, whilst the Litanies were being recited before it as usual, the eyes, which had been made by the sculptor almost closed, were observed to open, to sparkle, to move to and fro, and, in a word, to look as though they were living eyes. Such a number of persons were attracted to the church by the report of this miracle (which did not happen once for all and then cease, but still continued), that it was found impossible to close the doors either by day or by night during the next fortnight. On the 6th of July, Cardinal Ranuzzi, the Bishop of Ancona, began the usual formal process; on the 13th, a collection of letters, written by various eye-witnesses, but not yet legally examined, was published with the Cardinal's consent and approbation; and on the 25th of November, when the examinations were concluded, but not the miracle, an abstract of the evidence, in a technical form, was printed by way of Appendix to the earlier and more unmethodical publication. Finally, two months afterwards, on the 23d of January, 1797, *the miracle still continuing*, the civil magistrates of Ancona made certain decrees for the religious observance of the anniversary, the greater decoration of the chapel, and other similar matters.

Each of these histories, if we were to exhibit the evidence for them fully and in detail, would be found more than sufficient to prove the assertion which we made; we are satisfied that not even the severest cross-examination could succeed in throwing a reasonable suspicion upon the credibility of either of these miracles. They have not been alleged, however, with any intention of using them in this way; they have been mentioned here not for their own sake, but only as facts useful,



and even necessary, to be known by way of preface to the still more marvellous history which is to follow, viz. that about the very same time similar miraculous changes were observed in more than sixty different representations of our Lady within the city of Rome alone. This fact is, as far as we know, entirely without a parallel in the history of the Church; at least we do not remember to have read any thing that can be compared to this profusion of miracles, wrought simultaneously and in the same city, and continuing, more or less constantly, day after day, during a period of more than six months; yet, on the other hand, it is a fact attested by such an overwhelming amount of evidence, that, if miracles be admitted at all as possible, and if human testimony is ever to be accepted as a sufficient proof of their having taken place, it is not easy to see how even the most inveterate prejudice can fail of being convinced by it.

The supernatural appearance was first noticed in a picture of the Mother of Mercy, painted in oil, that hung over an arch in one of the streets near the Piazza Santi Apostoli. It was a well-known picture, one of the many in Rome before which might often be seen some humble client of Mary telling his beads, and making his silent petitions; and the motion of its eyes began, or at least was first observed, in the morning of the 9th of July, 1796. In the course of the same day the same thing was observed in six other pictures, either in the streets or in churches, in different parts of the city; in three others it was first noticed on the 11th instant, in two more on the 12th, in another on the 13th, in three others on the 15th, and so on, until the number in Rome alone reached, or rather exceeded, the number we have named, not to mention others in Frascati, Todi, Frosinone, Ceprano, and elsewhere. In these latter places the Bishops instituted a legal examination of the facts immediately, sometimes on the very day on which they happened, or at latest within a few days afterwards. In Rome, however, although witnesses were at once examined, and depositions taken by the parish priests of the several parishes in which the miracles were taking place, yet the subject was not officially brought before the higher tribunal, the Cardinal Vicar, until the 1st of October. A sufficient reason for this delay, over and above the proverbially slow pace at which ecclesiastical matters in Rome are uniformly made to travel, may be found in the peculiar circumstances of the present case. The same phenomena repeated over and over again almost indefinitely, caused it to be no easy task to know where to make a beginning; where there were upwards of fifty thousand witnesses, it required no mean powers of dis-

cretion and no trifling labour to select the most important and convincing. However, at length the work was begun; Cardinal della Somaglia named a very clever ecclesiastic and lawyer as his deputy, appointed an able notary to assist him in taking down the evidence, and desired them to proceed with all care and diligence to a legal examination of the whole matter. The investigation was continued, with many unavoidable interruptions, until the end of February 1797, the miracle being all this while still continued in many pictures; and even then the inquiries were suspended only because of the public impatience to have some authoritative account and confirmation of what was in every body's mouth, and because enough had been already ascertained to make further investigation only an unnecessary labour.

The commission of inquiry sat on sixty days; and the examination of very many of the witnesses lasted so long, from three to four hours and upwards, that in forty-one sittings they only examined forty-one persons, in fifteen other sittings thirty persons, and in five others fifteen, making a total of eighty-six witnesses in all, selected out of 501, whose depositions upon oath as to the very same facts had been previously taken before the inferior local tribunals. The depositions of these eighty-six concerned twenty-six images or paintings; and besides the 415 other witnesses whose evidence had been given with reference to these same images, there were 460 others who swore to the same facts with reference to forty other images; so that we have a sum total of very nearly a thousand witnesses (961) who actually deposed under the solemn obligation of an oath to those extraordinary phenomena which Protestants fancy themselves at liberty to reject and ridicule simply on *a priori* grounds of inherent improbability. But is it so, then, that the oaths of a thousand Christians are really of so little weight? If so, what is the value of history, which is written without the obligation of an oath at all? and what is the value of decisions in a court of justice, which have seldom so much as a fiftieth or even a hundredth part of this amount of evidence to rest upon?

But it will be said, perhaps, that the examination to which these witnesses were subjected was slight and unsatisfactory, not so strict and searching as that by which they would have been tried in a court of justice. We shall best dispose of this objection, and at the same time most conveniently bring to the knowledge of our readers all the main facts of these most interesting and important miracles, by giving *in extenso* every question that was proposed, together with a general abstract of the replies that were made, introducing as we go



along a few brief remarks by way of illustrating the evidence which will be thus laid before us.

First, each witness knelt down, and took an oath upon the holy Gospels to tell nothing but the simple truth, and was solemnly admonished by the judge of the scrupulous exactness to which he had thus bound himself not to depose to any thing about which he had any the slightest doubt.

1. After this preliminary, they were questioned as to their name, profession, age, country, and such like personal matters. These, of course, varied in every case; it will be enough to state generally that among the number of persons examined were men and women, laymen and ecclesiastics, young and old, nobles and plebeians, Italians and foreigners; or, looking into the list more closely, we may say that there were representatives of almost every rank in the hierarchy, from the Cardinalate downwards; of every rank of society, from princes to servants; of every variety of trade and profession,—lawyers, physicians, surgeons, professors, officers in the army, artists, mechanics, and shopkeepers; and lastly, of well-nigh every country in Europe,—France, Spain, Italy, England, and Germany,—not to mention a few individuals from Syria, Brazil, and other more distant parts.

2. The witnesses were next asked whether they knew for what purpose they were summoned before this tribunal, and whether they had been instructed by any body as to what evidence they were to give; the first of which interrogatories was of course uniformly answered in the affirmative, the second in the negative; all declared that they were induced to give the testimony they were about to give from no temporal or human motive, but only for the glory of God, the honour of the Blessed Virgin, and the love of truth.

3. Do you know whether any thing wonderful has lately happened in any sacred pictures or images in the city of Rome? and do you know this of your own certain knowledge, or only by hearsay from others?

Not only I, but all Rome, knows well that most wonderful prodigies have happened during the last few months in very many sacred pictures and images throughout the city. I have witnessed those prodigies myself in one, two, five, ten, or whatever number of instances it might chance to have been; the rest I only know of by general report.

4. Speak only of those pictures or images in which you have witnessed the prodigy yourself: and describe exactly the figure or figures which they represent, where they are situated, what is their size and shape, of what materials they are made; if painted, whether on canvass, or on a wooden tablet,

or on a wall; whether in oils, water-colours, or in fresco; if in *rilievo*, in what act, or with what peculiar expression or meaning, is the figure represented? More particularly describe with accuracy in what manner the eyes are formed, whether open, closed, or half-closed; whether fixed on any definite object, whether cast down or looking upwards, or whether directed generally towards the spectators wherever they might happen to be standing.

As to the figures represented by the pictures or images in which the prodigy was observed, I do not know that there were any, excepting either our Lord dying or dead upon the cross, or our Blessed Lady with or without her divine Son, or the same being taught by St. Anne. As to their situation, some were at the corners of the streets, or over doors or arches in public places; some were in churches or chapels; some in private oratories, or even in shops,—it being the custom of the Roman tradesmen, as all who have visited that city must very well remember, to suspend a sacred picture with a lamp before it in some conspicuous part of their usual place of business. There was, of course, every variety of size and shape; so also of material, and of the position of the eyes. Sometimes the face was represented in profile, so that only one eye was visible; or if not in mere profile, yet one eye could be much more easily distinguished than the other; one was in full light, the other in more or less shade; sometimes the full front face was exhibited, and both eyes could be seen alike. Sometimes the eyes were half closed, as though in silent meditation and prayer, or modestly bent towards the ground, as of the *Virgo fidelis* or *Mater purissima*; sometimes they were tearful, and seeking consolation from Heaven, as of the *Mater dolorosa*; sometimes contemplating the Divine Infant, as the *Mater Christi*; sometimes looking out upon the people, and as it were encouraging them to draw near and ask for help, as of the *Mater misericordiæ* or *Mater amabilis*;—in a word, there was every conceivable variety both of form and expression, according to the attribute intended to be represented, and according to the ability or caprice of the artist.

5. When, where, and how did you see the prodigy? Were you the first to see it, or from whom did you hear of it? At what distance did you examine it? Were you in front of the picture, or on one side? Did you see it by day or by night? Was there much light or little? The light of the sun? or of lamps and candles? or of both together? Is your sight perfect or defective? Did you examine it with your naked eye, or had you spectacles? or did you use any kind



of telescope, or other artificial glass? Was the picture itself framed and covered with glass, or was it without glass?

These questions are obviously among the most important in the series; and our readers will excuse us, therefore, if we enter somewhat more minutely into an examination of the answers to them. Of course, some of the witnesses examined were the first who had observed the prodigy in that particular picture or image concerning which they gave their evidence, whereas others had come to look at the invitation of a friend, or in consequence of the general report.

A priest was saying office, on Monday the 11th July, in a private chapel belonging to the church of the *Natività di nostro Signore* (or *degli Agonizzanti*, as it is more commonly called), and was kneeling opposite an altar where there was a valuable picture of the Madonna and Child. He had heard of the six or seven pictures in which a miraculous movement of the eyes had been observed on Saturday, and in which it was still continuing, and he was extremely anxious to witness the extraordinary phenomenon himself; he had gone for this purpose, more than once, to visit some of those pictures, but in consequence of the immense crowd he had been unable to get near enough to see any thing; and he was not without a secret hope that God would perhaps vouchsafe to grant him the desire of his heart in this picture, which hung in a chapel attached to his own church. He looked in vain, however; and he was thinking, with some humiliation, that doubtless his own sins and unworthiness were the cause of his disappointment, when his eyes fell casually upon another much older and less valued painting of the Madonna, hanging at the side of the chapel, over some stalls or benches of the confraternity who used to assemble there; and he saw, or fancied that he saw, the eyes of this painting distinctly moving.

Should any reader be here disposed to object that men easily believe what they anxiously desire, we would answer in the words of a Protestant author, writing in defence of Christianity, that the very contrary of this seems to be nearer to the truth. "Anxiety of desire, earnestness of expectation, the vastness (or strangeness) of an event, rather causes men to disbelieve, to doubt, to dread a fallacy, to distrust, and to examine. When our Lord's resurrection was first reported to the Apostles, they did not believe, we are told, for joy. This was natural, and is agreeable to experience."\* And so it was in the instance at present before us. The painting was of a half figure, rather more than three feet square; it hung

\* Paley's Evidences, part i. prop. 2, c. 1, § vi.

only nine or ten feet from the ground, in a chapel thoroughly lighted by two windows having a southern aspect and opening on the public Piazza, and the hour was ten o'clock in the morning of a bright summer day; nevertheless, the priest feared to trust the evidence of his own senses; he would not go and tell others, until he had first turned his eyes away to some other object, and then brought them back again to a fresh examination of the picture. Again he saw the left eye (which was in full light, the right being in deep shadow) slowly moving upwards, until the ball had entirely disappeared, or a single line only remained visible, and then as slowly return to its ordinary position. Still he hesitated; he began to recite the litany and other prayers in honour of our Lady, the movement still continuing; then at last he called some of the clerics attached to the church, who brought a lighted lamp, and placed it before it; and they too declared that they saw the same extraordinary phenomenon. Members of the confraternity, and others living in the neighbourhood, were soon drawn to the church, and all acknowledged the miracle. The Superior of the church, a priest of mature age, just fifty, caused some steps to be brought, that the dust might be wiped off the picture, for it was very old, and had no glass before it; indeed, it had long been retained rather as some sort of ornament to the bare walls than as an object of devotion. This priest mounted the steps himself, and so did others after him, and examined the picture most closely, with the help of a lighted candle, and all remained perfectly satisfied of the reality of the movement. Before noon it was necessary to call in the soldiers of the Piazza, or as we should call them, the police, to keep order in the going out and coming in of the crowds of persons who wished to see it; and the ecclesiastical authorities directed it to be carried into the adjoining church. This was immediately done; it was removed from the heavy cornice that had surrounded it, and the mere piece of canvass, with the frame on which it was stretched, was carried into the church, and benediction given with it to the assembled multitudes. Both whilst it was being transferred from the one place to the other, and whilst benediction was being given with it, the motion of both the eyes was distinctly seen; and it had not ceased when the witnesses gave the evidence from which we have been quoting in October, nor even when another witness was being examined in the month of December.

The next specimen of the evidence which we shall give shall be one in which the witness was not the first to observe the miracle, but only came in consequence of the reports of



others. Signor Domenico Ambrosini, a layman, aged thirty-seven, and master of one of the choirs in Rome, was passing near the Piazza Santi Apostoli about eight o'clock in the morning of Saturday, the 9th of July, when he heard some one telling another that the picture of our Blessed Lady dell' Archetto (the picture that has been already spoken of as that in which first of all the miracle was seen in Rome) was opening and closing its eyes. Being in the immediate vicinity, curiosity induced him to step out of his way to look at it; he found only seven or eight persons as yet assembled, amongst whom he recognised one of the religious of a neighbouring convent, and a silversmith with whom he was acquainted. The spectators being few in number, they had every opportunity of looking at it quite closely and at their leisure; and after waiting two or three minutes they saw both the eyes of the Madonna gradually close. This witness, just like the former, at first misdoubted his own eyes; he tells us that he rubbed them, closed them, and then again looked steadily at the picture; but its eyes were still closed, and then, almost immediately, the upper eyelids returned to their places. "I was so overcome at the sight that I could not contain myself, but burst forth into tears and some exclamation; the exact words I cannot now remember, but I know that at the very same instant those about me burst forth into similar exclamations, so that I was satisfied that they too had witnessed the same prodigy as myself."

After he had recovered he considered the effect of the one single lamp that was burning there, but it hung so low that no reflection of its rays could reach the face of the figure; he considered also the rays of the sun, but the little *vicolo* was so narrow that these had not yet penetrated so far; in fine, he considered every cause that could have had any influence on the appearance of the picture; but the more he considered, the more he was convinced of the reality of what he had seen, and of its supernatural character. He soon went away in consequence of the increasing crowd; and in the course of a few hours it was necessary to station the police at different points of the adjacent streets to regulate the movements of the people. Numerous offerings of lamps and candles were brought and lighted before the picture, yet the appearance was in no way dispelled by this increase of light, but rather made the more evident; sometimes the eyebrows became more arched, the upper eyelids were raised, and the eyes were seen to move to and fro as if looking upon the assembly before them; sometimes the eyes were almost or quite closed, and sometimes the ball of the eye disappeared, or very nearly so, under the upper eyelid.

It was this last phenomenon which was actually tested by a physical examination, such as we can hardly conceive the cold collectedness necessary in the man who undertook it; yet, now that it has been made, one is glad to be able to avail oneself of its valuable testimony in confirmation of the truth.

A Piedmontese priest, aged forty-six, who had been a missionary in Greece and Egypt, and had returned about two years before to a convent of his order in Rome, first heard of the miracle from one of the lay brothers in his house on Saturday morning, soon after it had been first observed. He did not believe it; he thought it was probably a mistake into which the devout enthusiasm of the people had betrayed them in consequence of what they had lately heard from Arezzo, Ancona, and Torricella. In vain the lay brother urged the number and respectability of the persons who had seen it; his superior obstinately adhered to his own idea. At last curiosity induced him to go and see; by the way he met some of his brethren, the parish priest, the curate, and others; all repeated the same story, and that they had seen it for themselves; still our friend would not be persuaded. He went on, however, and by and by had so far penetrated through the crowd that he found himself within six or seven feet of the picture; having knelt down and said a few prayers, he rose and took up his position somewhat to the left, but in a place where he could command a most distinct view of the face of the Madonna. Here he remained for upwards of an hour without once being able to detect any motion whatever in the eyes, although the prayers of the people were often interrupted by shouts of "*Evviva Maria! now the eyes are moving,*" &c. All this confirmed him more and more in his belief that the whole thing was a delusion of an overheated imagination; and he determined, with that firmness which was so marked a feature of his character, to remain there for three or four hours longer, that he might be able, as he says, "most authoritatively to contradict the popular report." Presently, however, whilst he was standing in this way with his eyes fixed on those of our Blessed Lady, he saw their balls gradually rising and disappearing under the upper eyelids until only the white remained, and then as gradually returning to their former position, and this perpendicular motion repeated three or four times consecutively. Now at length he was constrained to acknowledge the facts, and he burst into a flood of tears, whilst at the very same instant the people cried out, as they had done before at times when he had seen nothing, "*Evviva Maria! ecco il miracolo, miracolo!*" But though the theory of an optical illusion and the mere dream of an overheated



imagination was thus effectually destroyed, yet this witness did not instantly acknowledge that what he had seen was miraculous; the idea of trick and imposture next suggested itself to his mind, and he determined to put this also to the test before he fully abandoned his doubts. For this purpose he advanced still closer to the wall, laid hold of the ladder which stood there for those who wished to add more candles, or flowers, or any other ornament to the picture, and got up to a level with the face of the Madonna, and quite close to it. He pretended to be arranging a candle that had fallen out of the perpendicular and was melting its wax over the others, but in fact he examined most minutely the surface of the picture, more especially about the eyes. Having thoroughly satisfied himself that they were in every way the same as in an ordinary painting, and that there was no possibility of a fraud, he descended and went away, praising and glorifying God and our Blessed Lady, and declaring his readiness even to lay down his life in attestation of the authenticity of a miracle which but two hours before he had laughed at as an idle tale. He did not return again any more on that day, but on Monday he determined to try the daring experiment to which we have alluded, and which still remains to be told. He went there about six o'clock in the evening (the reader must not forget that we are speaking of the middle of an Italian summer); and as by this time the miracle had been multiplied in many other pictures in other parts of the city, the crowd was not so great; still there were a good many people present. He took what he considered to be the best place for observing the picture, and, kneeling down, recited the litanies and other prayers for about a quarter of an hour, with his eyes steadfastly fixed on our Lady. During this time he saw no sign of motion in the eyes, nor did any one else, for the silence of their prayers was not broken by a single exclamation. At last, however, he clearly distinguished the same movement in them that he had before seen on the Saturday, and at the very same moment the people saw it too, and shouted in their usual manner. Immediately he sprang up from his knees and began to ascend the steps, which he had previously placed in the proper position for his purpose, turned round to the people to explain to them that he had no evil intentions, but was only going to make the reality of the miracle still more unquestionable, and then proceeded to measure the eyes with a pair of compasses, which he had all this time held ready in his hands. Whilst he was mounting these few steps (the picture being about nine feet from the ground), and making the necessary explanation of his conduct to the people, the eyes

of the picture had returned to their usual position; but they immediately moved upwards again, and when the ball had almost disappeared under the upper lid he applied the two points of the compass, one to the lower eyelid, the other to the mere outer rim of the ball, which could just be seen, and then removed them: the distance was about five mathematical lines, he says; the eye then returned again to its place, until the ball actually touched the lower lid, and there was not even a thread of white visible below it.

We could not, as we have already said, have made this experiment ourselves; we might have been glad to avail ourselves of a ladder or any other means for getting as close a view as possible of the miraculous movement, as, in fact, a very considerable number of persons did, not only at this picture, but at many others also; but when the motion of the eyes began, we should have been much more likely to experience the feelings which most of those persons acknowledged that they experienced, of sudden faintness and a difficulty to keep our footing, than able to touch the picture, and measure it with a pair of compasses. However, the experiment having been made, we are thankful that it has also been recorded, and recorded upon oath by the man himself who made it.

The following observations, taken from an author who has been already quoted, may help our readers to form a just appreciation of the importance of this fact. "It is not necessary," says Dr. Paley, "to admit as a miracle what can be resolved into a false perception . . . The cases, however, in which the possibility of this delusion exists are divided from the cases in which it does not exist by many, and those not obscure, marks. They are for the most part cases of visions or voices; the object is hardly ever touched, the vision submits not to be handled, *one sense does not confirm another*. They are likewise almost always cases of a solitary witness. It is in the highest degree improbable, *and I know not, indeed, whether it hath ever been the fact*, that the same derangement of the mental (or visual) organs should seize different persons at the same time,—a derangement, I mean, so much the same as to represent to their imagination the same objects."\* Apply these remarks to the history we are examining, and how strikingly they confirm and illustrate its truth. The motion of the eyes in these material representations of our Blessed Lady were witnessed, not by one person but by many, by several hundreds and even thousands, by a whole city; they saw it not only separately, but together; not only by the light of lamps and of candles, but by the broad light of day; not only

\* Evidences, vol. i. p. 333, ed. 1811.



at a distance, but near; not once only, but several times; they not only saw it, but even, as we may most truly say, touched and handled it.

Besides the instance that has been already given, there was a picture of the Crucifixion, about four feet square, which was removed from the wall where it usually hung, and where the movement of its eyes was first noticed, and placed in the middle of the room leaning against a table, and resting on a stool or low bench not eighteen inches from the ground. It was in a private oratory, but hundreds and hundreds of persons came and saw it. All those who from age or infirmity were unable to make their way through a crowd, or whose sight was somewhat defective, or who were distrustful of their senses amid the glare of lights and the excitement of a large congregation, or who from any other cause were not sufficiently satisfied with what they had seen in public to be ready to take an oath upon it,—all came to see this picture of the Crucifixion. They arranged the lights as they pleased, took the picture in their hands (it had neither glass nor frame), brought it to the window, turned it round and round, placed it wherever they thought proper; and all were thoroughly convinced of the supernatural character of the phenomena. One person deposed that he had been eye-witness of the miracle in this picture hundreds of times; another, Don Stefano Felici, Rector of the English College, who had seen the miracle in other pictures, yet would not give his evidence upon oath until he had witnessed this, deposed that after the most minute examination of the painting itself he had seen the eyes swell and become full, and move to and fro, and up and down, as though they were living eyes; so did Signor Giuseppe Valadier, an architect, and very many others.

We will only add, that of the pictures in churches and other public places, most, if not all, either never had any glass before them at all, or else the glass was removed as soon as the prodigy was observed; that some of the witnesses deposed to having used telescopes; others said that they had confined their scrutiny to one eye only, fearing to weaken the intensity of their attention by looking at both; and, in a word, that every conceivable precaution which the most jealous suspicion, and sometimes even the most resolute incredulity, could dictate, was actually taken by some or other of the numerous witnesses that were examined.

6. The sixth question which was put was this: Was the movement of both eyes simultaneous, and according to the ordinary movement of the human eye; or was it extraordinary, and of one eye only? Did other persons see it at the same

time with yourself? Was the movement slow and perceptible, or sudden and instantaneous? Did it seem to disfigure the countenance, or otherwise?

If this last item of inquiry should strike any one as unmeaning or irrelevant, we wish that he would try to realise to himself what would be the ordinary effect upon his own mind of seeing a sign of life in this one feature, the eye, of some inanimate figure, say a corpse, a statue, or a painting. Our own impression is, that it would be something very frightful; we fancy that the incongruity between a living and a dead part of one and the same thing, life and motion in one place and the still rigidity of death in another, would strike us as a deformity and very offensive. Yet the uniform testimony of all the witnesses, excepting one only, who happened to have himself painted about thirteen years before the picture with reference to which he gave his evidence, was directly contrary; one and all declared that even when the movements of the eyes were most unnatural, when the pupils were entirely hid under the upper eyelid, or when one eye moved and the other was motionless, still even then the aspect of the whole countenance was such as inspired them with the deepest respect, awe, and veneration; it seemed to be the countenance of one making a solemn appeal to their consciences; it spoke to their hearts, and moved them to tears; never, excepting in that one only instance which we have named,—it never struck them as unsightly and repulsive. Some, indeed, gave distinct evidence that a change of colour and expression was manifested in the whole face; others said their attention had been so fixed upon the eyes that they had not accurately observed any other part; but all agreed in describing the general effect as being of a living, speaking countenance, such as we are satisfied that no human art, even under the most favourable circumstances, could have succeeded in producing.

With regard to the degree of rapidity with which the eyes were moved, the story we have already told about the compasses will enable us to form some sort of idea; many witnesses answered this part of the inquiry by borrowing an illustration from the minute-hand of a watch, which, they said, though you may not be able to swear at any moment, "I see it moving," yet after an infinitely short space of time you can swear that it *has* moved. There seems, in truth, to have been the same variety in the degree of rapidity which was observed in different pictures as there was in the direction of the movement, sometimes perpendicular, sometimes horizontal, &c.; the same variety, in fact, that there naturally is in different eyes, or in the same eyes at different times.



7. Did you see this prodigy more than once? How often? Were you always equally positive about it, or did you sometimes doubt of its truth? At the times when you were quite positive about it, were other persons present, and were they equally satisfied? Did they at the very same moment express their conviction in any way? and in what way? Give solid reasons to shew that this conviction was not the result of any optical illusion, resulting from the reflection of the lights, the glittering or undulating surface of the glass or canvass, or any artifice practised upon the picture itself.

Some persons will probably be of opinion that enough has been said already to dissipate in all reasonable minds every suspicion either of error or of fraud; nevertheless, at the risk of wearying perhaps a portion of our readers, we will venture to add one or two corroboratory circumstances that have not yet been mentioned, but which will tend to shew more and more plainly how far the people really were from being carried away by mere excitement and enthusiasm, and how little room there was for the practice of imposture.

In fact, as to mere excitement and enthusiasm, we do not believe (as we have already said) that they are ever likely, on any large scale, to produce the effects ascribed to them. We can conceive a not very strong-minded individual being momentarily carried away, so as to imagine that he saw what he did not see; but we cannot conceive, we think it simply impossible, that hundreds and thousands of persons should have been so deceived, and deceived repeatedly and permanently, so as to be ready (as many of these witnesses professed themselves to be) to lay down their lives in defence of their opinion. We are confident that the very number of the witnesses, the frequent repetition of the miracle, and, in a word, every circumstance of this most remarkable history, would have served to put men on their guard against yielding too ready an assent, would have led them "to disbelieve, to doubt, to dread a fallacy, to distrust, and to examine." We heard not very long ago of a girl in a convent-school in this country, who fancied that the image of the Madonna in their private oratory was shedding tears; and she went and told the sisters so. But did they believe it? was their first impulse to believe it, or was it not rather to think that the girl had been mistaken? They felt, as every body must naturally feel prior to examination, that it was more likely that the girl should be deceived than that the miracle should be true; they proceeded to make the examination, and were satisfied that they had judged correctly. But precisely this same antecedent improbability must have been felt by hundreds of persons

in Rome when first they heard a similar announcement, and is felt by us also when we read of it; only it was surmounted in them by the evidence of their own senses, and in us it is surmounted by the strength and complication of *their* testimony.

These remarks might be illustrated by many curious and interesting examples, but want of space compels us to be brief. In the case of the Madonna in the church *degli Agonizzanti*, or rather in the chapel attached to that church, when a report was circulated that the miracle was being wrought there, those who first came to see it naturally turned their eyes to the larger and better painting which hung over the altar; they looked for the miracle there, yet not one was found to imagine for a moment that he really saw it: when the priest returned, and directed their attention to the older and less noticed painting suspended above the stalls at the side, all saw it and were satisfied. Again, it sometimes happened that whilst the people were assembled in prayer before one of these pictures, some solitary individual, or some two or three perhaps kneeling together, would cry out that the miracle was happening when it really was not, and here and there a few simple pious souls scattered through the crowd might be betrayed by over-eagerness and haste into giving a response to the cry; but there it ended: whereas, at other times, when the miracle really did happen, there would be one simultaneous shout bursting forth from the whole congregation, so that those who heard it could only compare it to a clap of thunder or the discharge of artillery. Very often, too, this shout consisted not merely of vague general expressions, such as "Look, look! now the eyes are moving; Jesus, Mary," &c., but it accurately defined the precise nature of the change that was taking place: *e. g.* "Look how she is raising her eyes to heaven! or how she is closing them, or turning them to those on the right, or on the left;" and the unanimity of the shout attested its correctness. Yet once more, had the phenomena in question been the mere false perception of a heated fancy, we should naturally have looked for them most in those pictures or images to which there was the greatest popular devotion; had they been manifested only in pictures or images that had fallen into neglect, we should have heard a plausible tale from the author of some new "Pilgrimage to Rome," that they were well-managed miracles, got up for the sake of recovering for those sanctuaries some portion of their lost popularity. But they first began in a picture which was neither forgotten nor extravagantly frequented; they were repeated in so many, that none was thereby brought forward into singular notice, so as to become



the special favourite of the people; and lastly, in some to which there had always been great devotion, and to which this devotion still continues, they were never exhibited at all.

Then, as to the theory of all these appearances having been the result of fraud and imposture, this is, if possible, still more inconceivable, more inconsistent with reason and with the facts of the case, than the former supposition, which denied their reality altogether. In fact, contemporary writers tell us that nobody ever pretended that imposition was in this case possible. A whole city imposed upon by some clever contrivance, not exhibited once for all and in a single picture, in some obscure isolated corner, where none could come near to examine, but repeated day after day, and night after night, during a period of several months, in seventy or eighty pictures at once, and in the most conspicuous situations; in pictures that could be taken down, and handled, and subjected to the most minute examination, and which actually were so treated;—what human head could devise, what human hand direct, such a machinery of fraud as this, so patent in its effects, yet itself so imperceptible? so multiplied, yet every where undetected? Surely every body must acknowledge that such an imposition as this, if it be an imposition at all, far exceeds the powers of man; that if it was not a miracle wrought by God, it can only have been a lying wonder wrought by the devil: and if any should hesitate as to which of these alternatives he must accept, what follows may perhaps be of some service in guiding him to a right decision.

8. The next question proposed to all the witnesses in this judicial examination was this: What feelings and affections did the sight of this prodigy excite in your mind? and what do you gather to have been the impression produced upon others? What is your reason for thinking so?

Besides what has been already said on this subject, it may here be added, that on the day after the miracles began, the afternoon of Sunday the 10th of July, the Pope ordered public missions to be preached in six of the principal *piazze* of Rome, that they continued for sixteen days, until the 26th instant, and that they were so numerous and devoutly attended, that not even the spiritual exercises given before the Jubilee were at all to be compared to them. The fruits of penance which they produced are described as something quite incredible. It is said that persons who had left Rome for a few days, and then returned to it, would have found nothing but the material buildings unaltered; in all the details of life, conversation, and manners, nobody could recognise Rome's former self; Jesus and Mary were on every lip and in every

heart, tears of penitence and love were bedewing every cheek, and nothing was thought or spoken of but the important concerns of eternity.

And here, perhaps, is the most fitting opportunity to say a few words upon a question which is sure, sooner or later, to suggest itself to the minds of our readers, viz. the purpose of God in all these extraordinary miracles which we have been considering. We know, indeed, that his judgments are incomprehensible and his ways unsearchable; "who among men is he that can know the counsel of God? or who can think what the will of God is?"\* At the same time, "the mercies of the Lord and his wonderful works to the children of men" are to "give Him glory;"† and without presuming to search into what is hidden from us, we may attentively examine (and should be wanting, perhaps, in our duty if we did *not* examine) all the circumstances of these miracles, so as to see how far it is possible from this consideration to ascertain the beneficent purpose for which they were wrought. In the present case, a hasty glance at the political history of the period seems sufficient to furnish us with a clue (if one may say so) to the Divine intentions. It was in this very year, 1796, that the French army, with Buonaparte as its commander-in-chief, overran the north of Italy; and on the 4th of February, 1797, they took possession of Ancona. We need not follow the army through all the stages of its progress until it occupied the Eternal City itself, and the Supreme Pontiff was a prisoner in their hands, because our readers will be already familiar with the main outlines of the history, and will at once have recognised from this brief allusion to it the merciful purpose which miracles wrought at such a moment may have been intended to serve. The similar miracle which we have spoken of at Brescia in 1524 was in like manner contemporary with terrible wars and rumours of wars throughout the whole of Italy, that did not cease until after the sacking of Rome by the Constable Bourbon in 1527. The miracle in the painting of Santa Maria presso S. Celso at Milan happened in the midst of a time of pestilence, which, as readers of history too well know, is always a time of a great increase of sin and wickedness in some, as of goodness in others. There are other instances also besides these which need not be enumerated; for surely these are sufficient to justify us in drawing a probable conclusion, that in miracles of this kind it may have been the merciful purpose of God to strengthen and encourage the faith and hope of Christians at a moment when they were about to be subjected to a very severe trial.

\* Wisdom ix. 13.

† Psalm cvi. 8.



Our Lord bid his disciples, when they should hear of wars and seditions, not be terrified, but lift up their heads, because their redemption was at hand; nevertheless He has also told us, among the signs of "the end," that men's hearts shall fail and wither away for fear and for expectation of what shall come upon the whole world; and experience has shewn that in times of great public calamity (which, after all, are only faint shadows, as it were, of "the distress of nations" that shall be when the end comes) men's hearts often *do* fail, and the faith of brethren who are weak gives way to despair, and their love waxes cold and is extinguished. This is what happens naturally: Almighty God, therefore, as a most merciful and compassionate Father, does not suffer us to be tempted above that which we are able; with extraordinary trials He sends also extraordinary assistance, that so we may be able to bear them. Who can doubt but that many a wavering heart was comforted, many a feeble spirit strengthened, during the terrible events of the close of the last century, by a recollection of those signs and wonders that had been so abundantly vouchsafed in the metropolis of the Christian world? In like manner, who shall know until the day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed, in how many souls the spark of Christian faith and hope has been just now rekindled by the similar prodigies which it has pleased God to manifest in Rimini, Frosinone, and other towns of Italy?

9. We come now to the last question that was asked. Do you know, or have you heard, of any body who was present at these prodigies, and saw them, yet does not account them miraculous? Who is he? and what are the grounds of his opinion?

This was uniformly answered in the negative. There were some who had never seen the prodigies at all, who had never succeeded in getting sufficiently near to any of the paintings to satisfy themselves that there was a real movement of the eyes; or who, if they succeeded in gaining an advantageous position, had not the patience to retain it very long; but these acknowledged that during the time they occupied this position neither did the people profess to see any movement; they continued their prayers without interruption. There are a few, a very few exceptions to be made to this statement, of persons who believed themselves to be sufficiently near at a time when the people *did* profess to see the miracle, and yet did not themselves see it, just as happened at first to the priest who was so hard to be persuaded; but even these confessed that they were perfectly satisfied both of the reality of the phenomenon and of its supernatural

character by the concurrent testimony of hundreds of others whom they could trust as competent witnesses.

If any of our readers should be disposed to trust the bodily senses of these individuals, but to mistrust their judgment, to think them foolish for being persuaded by others against, or at least without, the evidence of their own senses, but to insist upon the fact, that they were present on certain occasions when others professed to see the miracle, yet themselves did not see it, although (humanly speaking) they had the same opportunities of seeing as their neighbours had; if any, I say, should be tempted to lay great stress upon this negative argument, they should bear in mind a very obvious consideration, namely (to use the language of Sir Philip Sydney), that a wonder is no wonder in a wonderful subject; we mean, that the whole history which we have been engaged in describing is not natural, but supernatural; and that as it pleased God to supersede or reverse the ordinary laws of nature in one part of it, so it may have pleased Him to reverse or supersede them also in another part. There is no inconsistency in supposing that God may have wrought a public miracle, yet for his own wise and inscrutable purposes vouchsafed a clear and intimate sight of it to some persons, while He withheld it from others, as in the Resurrection, for example; or, still more appositely, the conversion of Saul. Anyhow, whatever may be the true explanation of the circumstance that these few (for they were *very* few) did not see the miracle, it cannot by any fair and candid mind be considered as an equivalent set-off against the evidence of the hundreds of persons who *did* see it. Had the phenomenon in question been seen only once and in a single picture, and fifty persons that were present had sworn that they saw it, and fifty others that they did not see it, would the evidence of these last have disproved the evidence of the first? How much less, then, when the witnesses on the one side so infinitely outnumber those on the other, without in any way differing from them either in age, rank, ability, judgment, or any other quality, which would have entitled their testimony to a superior degree of consideration! Surely both justice and charity require that as we do not misdoubt the veracity of the one class, so neither should we misdoubt that of the other.

We have now fulfilled our engagement of giving a copy of the questions that were proposed, together with a general abstract of the replies that were made in the judicial examination of these most interesting miracles, which was instituted in Rome by order of the Cardinal Vicar, on the 1st of



October, 1796; and we feel confident that our readers will at once recognise the justice of the sentence, which was formally pronounced on the 28th of February, 1797, after a most careful examination by his Eminence himself of the whole body of the evidence, viz. that their truth was most abundantly established (*satis superabundeque comprobata fuisse veritatem antedicti mirabilis prodigiosique eventus*). It only remains to be mentioned, that the Cardinal ordered a succinct account of the facts to be at once drawn up for publication; that he took the trouble of examining this also from beginning to end; and that he signed with his own hand every copy that was printed, that so every body might be well assured of the authenticity of the narrative. It is from one of these copies that our statement has been abridged; and should it fall into the hands of any who are strangers to the Catholic Church, we would only ask them, whether it has not been supported by such a body of evidence as they would themselves on any other subject admit to be irresistible; and if, as indeed they must, they should answer this question in the affirmative, yet should still refuse to believe the statement, because it is inconsistent with the doctrines of their religion, because it seems to sanction the due honour and veneration of images, which they refuse, and the *cultus* of the Blessed Virgin, whose intercession they will not acknowledge,—we would go on to ask them one other question, proposed more than ten years ago, and not yet answered by many whom it most deeply concerns: “Which alternative shall the Protestant accept? Shall he retreat, or shall he advance? Shall he relapse into scepticism upon all subjects, or sacrifice his deep-rooted prejudices? Shall he give up his knowledge of times past altogether, or endure to gain a knowledge which he thinks he fully has already, the knowledge of divine truth?”

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**Passion, Love, and Rest ;**

OR,

**THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BASIL MORLEY.**

CHAPTER I.—*Home.*

My earliest recollections are of the period when I was between seven and eight years old. At this day I have but to close my eyes, and strive to picture to myself the home of my childish memories, and the scene is before me, as brightly as though I was recalling the events of yesterday. I see the large old chamber, half nursery, half schoolroom, in a side wing of Morley Court, where the truths of life first began to open upon my growing mind. Dark panelling covers its walls; two vast beams, quaintly carved with heraldic devices, stretch across its ceiling; a wide bay-window admits as much light as the heavy stone mullions and thickly-leaded panes of venerable glass permit; in front of the window a vast cedar spreads abroad its ancient arms, and shelters the favourite spot of my summer gambols. In one portion of the oaken panelling is a door, never opened, but the subject of frequent questionings and curiosity on my part. My nurse, as she is still called, though I am quickly advancing in boyhood, tells me that it leads "nowhere;" but the frequent gusts of wind that enter through its chinks convince me that she either conceals or is ignorant of its real nature.

With this unopened door is connected the first distinct incident in my life that memory retains. The weather for some days past had been stormy, and had confined me to the house. Neither my health nor my temper were the better for the want of my accustomed out-of-door exercise, and I had made myself more than ordinarily disagreeable to Mrs. Winterslow, my old nurse. The room which I have described, and where I still passed much of my time, was littered with the innumerable toys of an only child, who possessed a father, a mother, an aunt, and a grandmother, who vied with one another in their prodigal gifts. The dolls of my infancy, and the horses and carts which rewarded my first efforts in spelling, were mixed in inimitable confusion with the picture-books, story-books, and school-books, which were now becoming my delight and annoyance. In the midst of this wilderness of sport and literature Mrs. Winterslow was wont to sigh, mourning over my inbred untidiness, and lamenting the absence of additional closets for the stowing away of my treasures.



On the day I speak of, my special disagreeableness had wound her up to more than common complaining, when my father and mother entered the room. My father looked grave, and my mother flushed and vexed. What had passed between them, I know not; but I can well remember noting, for the first time in my life, that they were not perfectly kind and affectionate in their manner to one another. Scarcely had they entered, when my nurse began:

"If you please, sir, Master Basil's playthings and books make a sad litter here. There's no comfort or peace in the place; and I'm sure if we had a good large closet for stowing them away, he'd value them more, and not break and destroy half so much as he does."

"I'm afraid there's no place of the kind near this part of the house, nurse," said my father, kindly.

What could have induced my mother to take up the subject in the tone she did, I have never learnt; but she instantly rejoined, with an odd, strange, angry look: "I'm sure, Henry, there's no reason why the boy should not put his books into the closet at the foot of that staircase." And as she spoke, she pointed to the door I have described.

My father's face lowered in a moment. "Winifred," he replied, speaking slowly and in a voice I shall never forget, "beware! Remember our agreement and your solemn promise. I have asked few things of you; but what I have asked and you have promised to give, as I live I will see fulfilled.—Basil, my boy, come here," he continued. Then taking me in his arms, he kissed me tenderly but seriously, and told me that the door in question must never be opened; and whispering a word or two to my mother, he left the room. When he was gone, my mother sat silent for what appeared to me an endless space of time. I see her now, with her eyes fixed on the door at which my father had gone out, without moving a feature of her fair, pale face, with her hands clasped on her lap, while my nurse vainly attempted to amuse me and call off my attention. At length I crept up to her, for I had been so much astonished that I had forgotten all my usual signs of delight at her presence, and had stood apart gazing. I laid my hand upon hers, and looked steadily in her countenance. I saw the tears stealing from her eyelids, and could hear her murmuring such words as these: "O God! forgive me! My God! have mercy on me and help me!" A flood of weeping followed, as she clasped me in her arms, and laid her burning cheek upon my head. I cried for very sympathy, though not knowing why. At last I said, "Why does papa make you cry, mamma?"

"Because I have done wrong, my dear child; no, not wrong, but something foolish. But don't ask me, Basil, and go and play."

"Foolish? mamma," I rejoined; "I thought you and papa were never foolish, and never did wrong. You always tell me to do what papa bids me, because it pleases God; and papa tells me to do what you bid me. Why did papa scold you just now?"

At this she broke forth into fresh tears, so violent that I was frightened, while Mrs. Winterslow tried to comfort her with words inexplicable to me. By degrees she grew calm, kissed me affectionately, and left the room. From that hour I was an altered child.

Time, however, flew on imperceptibly. Many things took place, which, as a child, I could not understand, though they annoyed me. At length, about two years after the incident I have related, I was rejoicing in one of those superb English summer days which rival, if they do not excel, in mingled warmth and softness, the brightest days of fairer climes. I wandered from orchard to shrubbery, from shrubbery to woodland, and at length, tired out with pleasant fatigue, fell asleep in a kind of garden-house that opened out of a large conservatory, where my mother was in the habit of spending an occasional hour in a summer afternoon. It was a charming little room, and the paintings on its walls were long my delight and wonder. It had been originally a wedding gift from my father to my mother; and there was scarcely a spot on the walls that was not decorated with well-painted birds and flowers and hanging fruits. There I used to sit and dream, as I grew older, and wonder why every thing outside the little room was not as sunny and unchangingly pleasant as all within. Low long sofas ran round the apartment, and invited the slumbers which were cherished by the plashing of a sparkling fountain within the conservatory. On one of these I lay and slept; and when I woke and opened my eyes, there sat my mother by my side, bending over me and watching me with one of those sad and loving looks which many a time afterwards I learnt to observe in her countenance, and which soon became indelibly printed on my memory. She took one of my hands in her own, kissed it, and then kissed my forehead, and whispered, "Basil dearest, you will always love me, will you not?"

"Love you, mamma?" I cried, astonished; and springing up, I threw my arms around her, and was locked in her embrace, as only a mother and child can embrace one another."

"Ah! my dear boy," she soon continued, "things change



wonderfully in this world. Perhaps you may be taught to dislike your mother; perhaps to hate her. We may be separated, Basil; and people will tell you things about me which will seem strange and shocking, and perhaps you will believe them, and learn never to love me more."

"I will *never* believe them," I replied eagerly. "But who will tell me these things, mamma? Papa will stop it, I am sure."

I was going on to say more, when the sound of voices in the conservatory made my mother start. She bade me be silent; and as she clasped me to her breast, I can even now recollect how I felt the beating of her heart, and was astonished at seeing her hands tremble with alarm. The door into the conservatory was closed, but it was impossible to avoid hearing all that was said on the other side.

"It's uncle George and papa," I whispered to my mother, catching the infection of her fear, which indeed was easy with me, from a strong dislike I already entertained to this uncle of mine. At the time I speak of, he was simply disagreeable to me; and it was of course not till years afterwards that I understood what it was that so grated on my childish feelings. If I now describe him and others of my relations more fully, it is by the aid of reflections and observations made at a subsequent period.

Colonel Morley was my father's only brother, unlike him in most things, except that he was, I fully believe, a gentleman and a man of honour and good feeling, though his peculiar views at times induced him to adopt a line of conduct as ungentlemanly as it was harsh and cruel. My father, as I have learnt from various sources, from his boyhood had possessed one of those upright, manly, and correct minds, which in the world are regarded as the highest type of human perfection. Many a time have I heard my grandmother say of him, that he never caused his parents an hour's serious uneasiness in his life. And this I can readily believe. He came fully up to their standard of worth; while the tendency to obstinate prejudice, which was his chief natural defect, rarely came in contact with those to whom he paid the most sincere filial respect. Tried by a different standard, he was somewhat hard and stiff, though at heart warm in feeling. His suspicions, once aroused, were never, or scarcely ever, allayed. He *could* not take any view of a question different from that which he had been accustomed to hold the right one. And like many men, honourable and just in intention, he was in consequence at times unfair in his judgments and severe in his actions, to an extent which would have awakened his loudest

indignation in any case in which he was not blinded by his misconceptions. No man was more respected in the society around Morley Court. He was reputed the very model of a noble-minded English country gentleman; and the Whigs of the neighbourhood, who hated his politics, and the Evangelicals, who mourned over his "legal" views and his patronage of balls and horse-racing, agreed in admitting that Mr. Morley was faultless in all the relations of domestic life.

That he might one day be converted to the opinions of the latter class, was at length expected by some among them, from the influence which my uncle, Colonel George Morley, was supposed to possess over him. The Colonel in his youth had been the *mauvais sujet* of the family. He went into the army from a sheer love of dissipation and contempt for the decencies of civil life, which he imagined might be cast aside with impunity in a regiment of dragoons. After long absence from home, and when many years had elapsed without a line of correspondence passing between the brothers, my father was one morning astonished at breakfast-time by receiving a letter directed in my uncle's handwriting. This was about a month before the day I am now speaking of. I well remember my father's look of grave surprise at the sight of the superscription, and the expression of unfeigned amazement with which he completed the perusal of the contents.

"You never saw my brother George, Winifred," he said to my mother. "You know why I so seldom mention his name. Well, what do you think he has turned now?"

My mother guessed many probable and many improbable contingencies; but all were wrong.

"There," cried my father, tossing the letter across the cups and saucers. "Read it aloud, and say whether he is joking or in earnest."

My mother then read the following epistle:—

Gibraltar, May 1st, 18—.

"My dear Brother,—It has pleased the Lord at length to direct my steps homeward to England. I look forward with sincere pleasure to seeing you again, and being introduced to your beloved wife and child. If my mother and sister are staying with you, assure them of my tenderest affection, and of the happiness which I anticipate in meeting them once more. If it please God, I trust, under divine grace, to be made useful to them. Oh! my dear brother, all that is in the world is vanity; the regenerate heart alone has peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. May you be found faithful, and a protester against the dissipations and vanities of the worldly society in which you were formerly enthralled.



"I shall rejoice to set my foot in a free Protestant country once more, and to cast the dust off my feet in leaving the neighbourhood of the superstitious and bloodthirsty cruelties of antichristian Spain. There are but few likeminded with myself in the garrison here; and since my conversion my old friends have treated me as an enemy. Our spiritual privileges also are but few; and the commanding officer of the fortress has forbidden my trips into the mainland for the purpose of dispersing Bibles among the priest-ridden population. May God—to whom be all the glory—bless the efforts of a converted profligate to the good of you and your estimable household.

"I am, dear brother,  
"Your affectionate brother in the Lord,  
"GEORGE MORLEY."

Having perused this strange composition, which I afterwards found in my father's papers, and which is still in my possession, my mother laid it down with a sigh.

"Well, my dear," said my father, "what do you say to this? Is George mad, drunk, or jesting? Or is he really a sinner turned saint?"

"I foresee endless trouble from his return," replied my mother. "He will never tolerate me; he will make mischief amongst us. May God grant me strength to bear it!"

"Come, come, Winifred," rejoined my father, "that's not fair either to George or to me. Do you think I'm a fool, to be led by the nose by a canting fellow who is either a knave or has lost his wits? If you are"—and then suddenly he paused, as his eye caught mine, watching him with unmixed bewilderment.

"Yes, Henry," interposed my mother, "*there* will be the source of the misery I foresee. If it were not for Basil, your brother might bring his zeal to any market he liked, and I should fear nothing for his influence over you. But I know the sort of man he is too well not to tremble. I see it all already. My peace in this world is gone for ever."

"Now, really, Winifred, this is too bad," cried my father. "Have you no regard for me, no confidence in me? Has not a certain fixed agreement been made between us, and did you not make it voluntarily? Have I ever broken it in word, or deed, or even in look?"

"No, no, dear Henry," exclaimed my mother, "you are all honour and uprightness. O my God! why was not I always as honourable and open as you have been? But you have some prejudices, which this Colonel will work upon as

surely as he sets foot in this house; and the boon I have been trying for years to gain from you will be lost to me without hope; and then—oh, my child, my child!”

“Basil my dear, go out into the garden and take a run,” exclaimed my father to me, in a voice I dared not disobey; and unwillingly, and utterly confounded, I left the breakfast-room.

My curiosity respecting the secret attached to my mother was now become unbounded. How the secret had been preserved so long I can hardly conceive; for she was a person with a certain weakness and impulsiveness of character united with many excellent qualities, which must again and again have led her to the very point of betraying herself before me. The way in which she had received my uncle’s letter sufficiently shewed the suddenness with which she formed her conclusions, and her impetuosity in expressing them. Indeed, I can hardly account for the mingled strength and weakness of her character, without imputing much of the latter to the presence in her bosom of a ceaseless source of sorrow, which rendered her at times more painfully sensitive, and more suspicious of harm, than appearances seemed to warrant.

When I returned from my enforced stroll, all was quiet between my father and mother, and they were making arrangements for my uncle’s reception. From what dropped from my father, I found that he would not hear of any proposal for declining his brother’s visit. His honour was roused; and with his usual sense of justice, he determined to give the Colonel credit for at least sincerity in his new character. My mother seemed reconciled; and as it was not her way to assume a look of injured innocence when constrained to act against her wishes, she prepared for the dreaded visitor with very tolerable cheerfulness and alacrity. What kind of an impression Colonel Morley made upon me and others on his first arrival, I cannot vouch for with any certainty. I *never* liked him, I am sure; and as I look back I seem to myself to have formed precisely the very opinion I now entertain respecting him immediately on his presenting himself at Morley Court. This feeling is of course fallacious, though natural enough to most persons. If the memory of the past colours the present, most assuredly, with many minds, not only does the present tinge the past with its own hues of gloom or joy, but it is difficult to separate our actual knowledge of past events, such as it was when they really took place, from that final and complete idea which has been the result of perhaps many years of increasing information. Thus it is that, boy as I was when I first became acquainted with my uncle, I seem to myself to remem-



ber every feeling that he produced in my young mind. I fancy I see him seated at the breakfast-table, with his gentlemanly and military air, and somewhat subdued tone of voice, studiously polite to my mother, brotherly and slightly subservient to my father, courteous to the servants, patronising and gentle, but not affectionate, to myself. I can imagine I hear him suggesting to my father the duty of summoning his household to family prayer, while my father dexterously avoids the subject, and my mother looks uncomfortable. I can recall his questions respecting the clergy of the neighbourhood; his expressions of dissatisfaction with my father's evident dislike to those of the Calvinistic school; his astonishment at finding that my mother knew little or nothing about them; and my own bewilderment at the whole subject, which never in my life had I before heard touched upon. One afternoon in particular I remember with especial dislike, when he made me take a walk with him, and questioned me as to my knowledge of Scripture texts, and told me that I ought to pray for my conversion, and that I might no longer be a child of the devil, but have a new heart and become a child of Jesus. His words seemed to me an incomprehensible jargon; and though his manner was kind, I recollect the excessive sense of disgust with which all that he said on religious subjects inspired me; a disgust which I never felt at the spiritual instruction I received either from my father or mother.

To return, however, to the incident of the garden-house. My father and uncle had scarcely entered the adjoining conservatory, when it was plain that they were engaged in a very animated discussion; for they spoke loudly and warmly, and were evidently somewhat excited. The substance of their conversation I shall never forget; for I soon perceived that I myself formed its subject.

"After the dreadful news you have told me," we heard Colonel Morley say, "there appears ten times as much reason as ever for placing your son under the care of some pious clergyman. Be assured he will imbibe his mother's awful principles, and be a curse to his father's house."

At these words my mother started as if stung by a serpent.

"No, George; be just at any rate," replied my father; "Winifred is incapable of breaking her promise."

"Promise!" echoed my uncle; "what is *her* promise, when she is under such an influence, and to one like you, whom she is bound to hate? Ay!—you are surprised; but I say it again,—to hate, and to persecute, and to destroy!"

"Nonsense, George," my father replied in derision; "your sanctified friends have driven you mad."

"My friends," rejoined the Colonel, "have their eyes opened to love the truth; and we must bear testimony to the truth, at the cost of our dearest affections."

"Well, well," cried my father, "we'll not speak of this at present, but come back to Basil. His mother, I must confess, cannot bear the idea of his going to school, or to a tutor, or to our having a tutor at home. She wants me to teach him what she cannot teach him herself; and she is now beginning to learn Greek on purpose to be able to instruct him in it when he is a little older."

"The snares of the devil, my dear brother!" responded the Colonel; "carnal learning employed for a carnal purpose, for the ruining an immortal soul."

"Upon my word, George, you are too bad," interrupted my father. "Winifred has her faults, I don't deny; but she is a Christian after all."

"A Christian!" ejaculated my uncle, in a tone of mockery. "But your own eyes, my dear brother, are, I fear, not yet fully enlightened; and—"

"I tell you what, George," again interrupted my father, "there's one thing you are not changed in. You are as cool a rascal as when you shot old Mrs. Wilkins' donkey, and then went in and told her a long story about the jackass being killed by her neighbour's son across the road."

"I was then in my unregenerate state," solemnly retorted the Colonel; "and now—to God be all the glory—I am—"

"Now you're a saint of the first water; and, I don't doubt, believe that there is no common identity between young George Morley, the greatest scapegrace in the county, and Lieutenant-Colonel Morley, the most pious dragoon officer in his Majesty's service. However, I do begin to think it's high time to send Basil to school somewhere, if it's only to get him well flogged if he should turn out such a young scoundrel as his uncle used to be. It's my opinion, George, that if *you* had been well scourged occasionally, it would have mightily hastened what you call your conversion."

And with these words all that we could hear of the conversation ended. The brothers left the conservatory, and my mother burst into the most violent passion of grief I ever remember to have seen her give way to. Often have I talked over this conversation with her in after years; and it is by the aid of her recollections more than my own that I can now record it. Certainly it burnt its way into her heart; and I believe that not a word she then heard ever passed away from her remembrance. She has again and again told me, that in



those few minutes she felt as if she was punished for all the sins of her life past.

What took place between her and my father in consequence of my uncle's advice to him, I know not. The result was, that it was one day announced to me by my father that I was very shortly to go to the large public school of —, and that my annoyance at the announcement was half cured by the vexation of my uncle at the selection of so worldly a place of education for his nephew.

“Who ever heard of vital religion in *any* of these public schools?” he used to exclaim, until even my poor mother seemed to be amused at his outbreaks. “They are all nurseries of ungodliness,” he frequently repeated; “Eton, and Westminster, and Winchester, and Harrow, and the Charter-House, and Shrewsbury, and the rest of them. I don't believe there is a pious man in the whole list of their masters; and you are drawing down the judgments of God upon your head, Henry, in placing your son in a situation so unfavourable for the growth of godliness.”

However, all the Colonel's remonstrances were vain, and to — I was despatched in due course of time. My mother's look of agony when, with my father, I entered the carriage which took me from home, will remain with me till I die. Long after my boyish sorrows at leaving home had melted away, this look continued to haunt me whenever I found myself alone; and it gave me a sense of the reality of *suffering* to which all my own troubles seemed a passing trifle too slight to be spoken of.

## CHAPTER II.—*School.*

The journey to — was sad enough. My father tried to comfort me, but with little success, and I saw that his own cheerfulness was feigned for my consolation. As we drove up to the door of the boarding-house where I was to live when not engaged in the school-room common to all the scholars, half a dozen boys were lounging about, and greeted us with a bold stare; and as we entered, the words “a new boy” passed from one to the other, and made me feel more keenly than hitherto how novel was the life into which I was about to be introduced. A polite reception was accorded us by the master who had the care of the boys in this house; but the cold business-like air which pervaded all the ceremonies of my introduction to the mistress, to my sleeping-room, and to my companions, struck me with the terrible chill which I suppose is felt by almost all boys when they first enter on the realities of school existence. I stood by the door while my

father, after wringing my hand, and a "God bless you, my boy," scarcely audible from his emotion, drove rapidly away. Whatever might have been my own inclinations to give way to my grief, they were soon interfered with by my new school-fellows.

"Hallo, you sir!" cried one of them, a boy of some sixteen or seventeen, as I turned to enter the house, "what's your name?"

"Morley," said I respectfully.

"Where do you live?"

"In ——shire."

"What's your father?"

"I don't know what you mean," said I, not being aware whether he wanted to know my father's occupation, religion, temper, or what not.

"Is he a gentleman or a tailor?" responded my questioner, whose name was Huntingdon, "to give you such a pair of trousers as those?"

I stared with astonishment, and began to be seriously frightened.

"Come, you young dog," continued my tormentor, seizing hold of one of my ears, and pulling me nearer to him; "why don't you answer? Answer my question, or I'll make you."

I omit the various oaths with which I soon found that my companions freely seasoned their conversation. These, and much else unfit for repetition, I must pass by for decency's sake, premising that scarcely one boy out of every half-dozen was guiltless of the frequent use of language as gross as it was profane. At first much of it was incomprehensible to my innocent ears; but there was sufficient that was intelligible to fill my young heart with horror and disgust; and the contrast to all I had heard at home was so great, that for some time I was so bewildered as scarcely to comprehend any thing about me. To Huntingdon's query I now replied, in an angry tone,

"My father's a gentleman, and you have no right to say he is not."

With an oath Huntingdon instantly struck me in the face, and said, "Take that for your impudence;" and as I fell to weeping, the party moved off; and soon after the bell rang for dinner. A universal staring greeted me on all sides; and after dinner, which was good and abundant, though I had no heart for touching it, the substance of Huntingdon's questions was repeated by dozens of other boys, generally with rudeness, sometimes with cruelty, and almost always without a sign of kindness.

That day there was no more schooling; so that I was not



subjected to any ordeal of examination, in order to my being placed in the class for which my previous studies fitted me. On the whole, I managed to escape with a small share of bullying, and was speedily mixed up in the undistinguishing, reckless, hard-handed, and hard-spoken crowd of boys. I believe I passed generally for a gentleman, though the expressions of scorn at my softness and simple talk were pretty frequent in all quarters.

I was assigned a room in common with five other boys about my own age. This chamber served us for bedroom and sitting-room, the beds being all turned up in the day-time, and a kind of bookcase with drawers being appropriated for the separate use of each one among us. The contrast which all around me presented to the objects I had been accustomed to was not a little disagreeable; and I suspect it is this physical contrast with the comforts of home, which, in the hearts of most boys, makes the first entrance into school-life so exquisitely painful. Born and brought up, as I had been, in luxury, the wretchedness of my dingy-looking bed, of the dirty and carpetless floor, with almost every available piece of wood in the room carved and hacked with knives, filled up my sense of desolation; and I could scarcely believe that so entire a change had come over my existence. I went stupidly through what I was bid to do during my first evening, and was sitting listening to my companions' strange talk, when a boy quickly entered the room, and calling out "Sparring-time!" as quickly departed.

"What's that?" I asked, surprised at the novel phrase.

"To-night's sparring-night," replied one of my comrades. "Come, look alive," he continued, as I shewed no signs of moving with the rest; "you'll be licked if you're not there in time."

"Why, where are we going?" I said.

"Only upstairs into the sparring-room at the top of the house."

"But I don't want to go; I'm tired and sleepy."

"Don't you?" was the reply, with a laugh. "I can tell you, Huntingdon will break half your bones for you, if you tell *him* that."

"But I don't know what it is," I continued, trembling at the very name of Huntingdon, who I had already learnt was the senior boy in the boarding-house, and who exercised a species of recognised dictatorship within its walls, and that with no gentle rule.

"Well, you'll soon see, and feel too; but don't be afraid. I used to hate it at first, but now I like it immensely."

Upstairs we went, I much marvelling what was to befall me. We found a large room, with what little furniture it contained stowed away in a corner; a few candles placed on the mantel-shelf, and some thirty or forty boys standing about in groups and gossiping. Two or three of them were busy examining what I soon learnt were boxing-gloves, and giving learned opinions in slang language as to their merits, with reminiscences of notorious prize-fighters. A tall and good-looking boy, whose name was Edward Churchill, singled me out on my entrance, and in a friendly voice, which awoke the first sensation of pleasure I had felt since my arrival, asked me if I was used to sparring. I confessed my ignorance; and Churchill took me into a vacant corner, and gave me a few hints how to manage the gloves when my turn should come.

"Watch the fellow's eye you're put to fight with," said he; "hit straight; and never mind getting a little hurt. It's not in earnest, you know, though you get a little roughly handled."

I promised to do my best, and the boxing began. Two of the smallest boys were pitted against one another, and a ring made round them. They pommelled one another a little while, and were then bid to put off the gloves, which they did somewhat unwillingly, puffing and hot with the blows given and taken. Then two more did the same; and though the sport looked very fierce to my unpractised eye, the combatants seemed to enjoy it so much, that I was almost glad when my turn came. Being a fresh hand, I was pitted against a boy rather shorter than myself, but whose determined look made me feel uncomfortable, as he put up his guard, and bade me lose no time.

"Now then, Morley!—now then, Wilson, in with you!" shouted a dozen voices; and while I was trying to watch my opponent's face, forgetting that the movements of his hands would follow instantly on the movements of his eyes, he planted a blow on my nose, which made me reel again. As I prepared to return the blow, a similar salute struck first one eye, and then the other, till the lights danced before me; and if Churchill had not caught me, I should have measured my length on the floor.

"Come, come!" cried Huntingdon, "no blubbering there!" as I shewed signs of tears, not from weeping, but from the force of the blows on my eyes; and with a kick he sent me spinning forward against my antagonist. Some of the boys backed me, and some Wilson; and with good will we battered one another for what seemed to me a good hour's space, but which was probably no more than three or four minutes. At



length I was laid low, and with a bleeding nose, and my face generally in most uncomfortable plight, I could scarcely believe my ears when I received praise for my dexterity as a fresh hand. Churchill's kindness again consoled me. He pointed to a basin and water prepared for the ablution of the bloody noses of the evening, which were not unfrequent, and bade me wash. I obeyed; and though my face tingled with the blows which had been rained upon it, I soon recovered enough to look on at the rest of the matches. All were arranged by Huntingdon, with autocratic power; and the whole wound up by a more scientific display between himself and Churchill, in which few blows were actually given, but loud applause elicited from the bystanders. At length a bell sounded, and we went to bed.

Then came my sorest trial. As I had ever done at home, I knelt down at my bedside to say my prayers. The moment I did this, silence reigned amongst my talking comrades; then followed a burst of laughter and a volley of mocking words, which filled my young heart with horror. What was said and done I cannot call to mind in detail. I was literally overwhelmed with terror, shame, and amazement; and hurrying through my undressing as fast as I could, I buried myself beneath the bed-clothes, and lay trembling till my comrades were all silent. Then in my childish way I poured out my miseries in prayer, and cried to my father and mother to come and take me from such a hell as I began to think I had got into.

The next day I was examined as to my proficiency, and placed in the school accordingly; and by degrees I grew accustomed to my new circumstances, and often enjoyed myself. Still, the whole system and spirit of the place jarred incessantly upon the principles I had learnt from my father and mother; and I felt that the latter especially would have been plunged into misery had she known the real character of my every-day companions. Of course at the time I was too young to theorise very much, and events struck upon my attention, one by one, pretty much as so many isolated incidents; but one with another, they left upon my memory a most exact and complete picture, and I can now see into the secret life of those school-days with as much clearness as if I were at this very moment absorbed in it. At the time, I was frequently extremely puzzled at what seemed the contradictions of the place and the principles that ruled it; but I have learnt that it was only a kingdom in miniature. The morals—so to call them—of the boys were the morals of the grown-up world; with this single difference, that they were not veiled by that cloak of hypocrisy, nor accompanied with that cant of language,

which confer so decent and honourable an exterior on the selfishness and worthlessness of adult society. The real standard of right and wrong in the school was in all respects that of ordinary men of no religious principle. Certain things, few in number, were denounced and punished with the severest rigour; but beyond these, every thing was tolerated, if not enforced, save religion and propriety. I do not believe that there is a possible moral enormity on earth with which I did not become acquainted, so far as knowledge goes, during the years I passed at school. Abhorring them, and loathing them, and taking no share in them, and enduring much persecution for my firmness, I still could not help witnessing them; and the words I have repeatedly heard, and the deeds I have repeatedly seen done, remain to this hour a hateful plague-spot in my memory, which at times breaks forth in all its original foulness, till I shudder to think what I have gone through, and strive to tear off the horrible images which cleave to me as a poisoned garment that I cannot cast away. Would to God that all they who have the guidance of childhood and boyhood could bear in mind the irremediable mischief that is inflicted on the young soul by even passing rapidly through the scenes of vice, though itself untainted! Would to God that they knew that when once the words of vice have passed through the ears, though without leaving stain of real sin at the moment, times will arrive when the hateful sounds will vibrate again upon the brain, and agonise the purest heart with their hideous temptations.

Two or three sins only were proscribed by the public opinion of — school. Lying towards one another, but not towards the masters; and thieving, except of such objects as boys usually consider to be fair game, were marked with a stigma which could scarcely ever be wiped out. To cowardice no mercy was shewn. And in these three particulars were comprised nearly the whole of the religion and morality of the place in which I passed the momentous period of life during which the boy gradually develops into the man, and the passions begin to rage with all the fire of untamed youth. I should add, that gentlemanliness, both of birth and dress, was viewed as the first of all virtues. Some of the boys were certainly better than the rest, and a very few were apparently conscientious as well as observers of propriety; but the prevailing and nearly universal aspect of the school was what I have described.

An instance will shew the rigour with which the recognised code was enforced by public opinion. Soon after my arrival I could not help noticing that there was one boy, named Head-



ley, who seemed to live singularly apart from the rest. Though nearly at the head of the school in seniority, and strong and stout beyond almost all others, nobody ever spoke to him. He shared in no games; if he entered one of the shops frequented by the boys, he made his purchases, and ate and drank, without an attempt at conversation; nobody took any liberties with him, and his name was scarcely ever mentioned. He once asked me a question or two; but as I stood answering him, one or two others, much younger than himself, pulled me away with a coolness which they would not have dared to display to any other boy of Headley's size and standing; and yet he took no notice of their conduct. Everybody seemed to ignore his existence, as by a kind of natural law; so that in some way or other it never occurred to me to make any inquiries respecting him. At length, one day a question was being discussed relative to the making-up of the sides of a game of cricket, and I suggested Headley's name for enrolment.

"Headley?" cried a little boy at my side; "why nobody *speaks* to Headley."

"Why not?" said I.

"What, don't you know about him?" asked another.

"Not I," I replied.

"Why he stole a five-pound note from one of the fellows in his room, and so he's been cut ever since."

"How long ago was that?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know," responded the same boy. "It was before I came; but I think it was three or four years ago."

I mused upon the severity of this justice, inflicted by a society which made it its boast to scorn almost every law of God and man, and where, in fact, nearly every one of the Ten Commandments was broken every day in the week; and shortly after I witnessed a proof of the unpardonable character of Headley's offence.

The boys and the lowest of the townspeople were in the habit of fighting one another at not very distant intervals. The masters tried, apparently, to put the practice down, but really cared so little for the matter, that the slight punishments they inflicted rather tended to foster than to crush the evil. I was returning home with one or two companions from a short stroll, when, just as we reached an open piece of waste ground, not far from our boarding-house, we saw a crowd gathered together, and the school-boys running towards it from all directions. The crowd itself consisted of as raffish-looking a set as could well be seen in the streets of any large English town; and they were eagerly watching what was going

on. We pushed our way through to a ring formed in the middle of the throng, and there, to my astonishment, was Churchill, with his hat off, kneeling on one knee, and on the other supporting no other than the obnoxious Headley himself, who sat, pale with excitement and panting for breath, with his head and neck bare, and in his shirt-sleeves, which were tucked up above the elbows, and displayed his stout and sinewy arms. Opposite him sat, similarly on the knee of a comrade, an immense heavy-looking coalheaver, with the blood trickling from a wound beneath his eye, while two or three of the bystanders had watches in their hands, and were counting the time. Churchill was speaking to Headley and encouraging him, while he vigorously chafed one of his hands between his own. The coalheaver (as it was afterwards ascertained) had insulted Headley as he walked along. Headley had struck him, the passers-by shouted "A fight! a fight!" and Churchill, who came up at the moment, overlooking Headley's personal offence in the "honour" of the school, instantly acted as his second, and two or three rounds had passed when I arrived at the scene of action. "Time" was soon "called," and the combatants again stood up. It was the first scene of the kind I had ever witnessed, and my disgust, though mingled with boyish party-spirit in favour of my schoolfellows, was proportionate. The crashing of the heavy blows on the heads and faces of the fighters, the blood that flowed in streams, and the hideous disfigurement which soon began to spread over their countenances, gave me a sensation of sickness; while the look of steady diabolical fury, which no disfigurements could obliterate, and which I saw reflected even in the open good-humoured face of Churchill, struck on my conscience with a mixture of terror and fear indescribable.

However, I had little time for reflection, for my schoolfellows began to come up in large numbers, and the fortune of the fight going against the coalheaver, who fell to the ground repeatedly beneath the well-aimed blows of Headley's powerful arm, the mob grew savage, and commenced hustling my companions, and provoking them with insulting language. In an incredibly short space the *mêlée* became general. The girls and women in the crowd screamed and ran off; the more decently dressed among the men slowly followed their example; and the ground was left to the combatants alone, the schoolboys being still far inferior in numbers to their opponents. I was involved in the very thick of the fight, and though I hated the whole thing, was forced to join in self-defence. In a few minutes I was beginning to feel a sensation of stunning, and



one of my arms was nearly broken with the blow of a stick, when a cry was raised that the police and the master of the school were coming, and the mob and the boys together took to their heels. A wild savage-looking man, who had been specially mauled in the conflict, shouted aloud that he would have a prisoner; and as I was one of the slowest to fly, he seized me by the collar, dragged me along in spite of my struggles, and whirled me through several narrow back streets, calling out to the fugitives who ran near him to look and see what he had caught.

At length we stopped before the door of a dilapidated-looking, low-storied house, at the end of a narrow alley. By this time we had parted company with the rest of the mob, and I stood alone by the side of my captor, who still held me in his grasp. As I shewed signs of wishing to fly, he swore that he would murder me if I attempted escape. Terrified beyond description, I could only submit. The man then rang a bell, which sounded loudly from within, and immediately after, taking a whistle from his pocket, he applied it to the key-hole, and whistled shrilly. The door was opened by a woman, who stared and looked frightened when she saw me dragged violently into the passage. The door was shut; not a word passed between the man and woman; and I was taken down stairs to the basement-floor. We entered the front kitchen, and the man then called for meat and drink, which the woman brought timidly, and served him while he ate and drank. I sat down on a broken chair, wondering what was to be done with me, and listening to the whinings of what seemed a large crowd of dogs shut up in the back room of the same house. When the man had finished his meal, he got up and went out, the woman following. Before he went, he pointed out to me that it was impossible for me to escape by the window, which was protected by thick iron bars, and locking the room-door, he left me to my reflections. In a little while I heard steps above, the street-door was opened and shut, and I felt sure that the man had gone out. Presently the woman returned alone, pale and trembling, and sitting down by my side, she addressed me:

"Oh, sir," she said, "this is not my doing. If you'll believe me, I'd let you out this moment, if I dare, but it's as much as my life's worth not to mind what my husband says."

"But what is he going to do with me?" I asked, gaining a little courage.

"Why, sir, he means to keep you here till he can get some money from your friends for telling where you are, and

he'll make you swear before you go that you'll never say who it was that had you."

"And how long am I to be kept, then?" said I.

"Till he can find some way or other for letting your friends know that you are to be got at by paying for it, without giving out where the secret comes from."

"And when will he do this?" I asked.

"Why I can't say that. Perhaps to-morrow, perhaps a week, perhaps a month. There was a child he once kept here for three months, before he could get at its father and mother without betraying himself."

"Oh, save me! save me!" I cried, as the terrible prospect of such a captivity opened on my thoughts. And I went on to work on the poor woman's feelings with all my boyish powers. But all in vain; she was willing enough, but she dared do nothing but comfort me in her rude way. She told me about her husband's mode of getting a livelihood, by way of interesting me. He was a dog-stealer; and the whelping which every now and then was heard from the adjoining room proceeded from the dogs now in his possession, which he kept half-starved, until he could either sell them, or obtain rewards from their lawful owners for giving them up. Again I tried to induce the woman to let me escape, but to no purpose. She wanted me to eat and drink, which I refused, and then left me alone, locking me in. Overpowered with dismay and fatigue, I then cried myself to sleep, but was soon awakened by a violent ringing of the bell, and the noise as of feet kicking against the house-door, with voices shouting to be let in. I started up and ran to the window, and could just see that there was a crowd of people up above, among whom I fancied I detected several of my schoolfellows. While I was striving to open the window to call out to them, the man himself dashed into the room, struck me violently on the head, and dragged me into a large cellar, which opened out of the room, and ran underneath the very spot where the people out of doors were standing and shouting. Then shutting the cellar-door, he went away, but almost immediately returned, driving before him eight or ten dogs, large and small, chiefly spaniels and poodles, and with frightful threats of what he would do to me if I tried to escape, he turned the lock and left me to my terrors. The cellar was not quite dark, for a small grating admitted light from the open air above. I cried out with my loudest voice to the crowd above, but the noise they made prevented me from being heard, especially as the grating was some feet above my own height. The dogs lay scared and silent around me, cowering up to my side, as if they thought



I could afford them protection. In the midst of the confusion of sounds above I detected the voices of many of my schoolfellows, that of Churchill among the number. As I afterwards learnt, their names had been called over immediately after the fight was over, and as I was missing, inquiries were made for me. One of the boys had seen me in the hands of my captor, whose name and occupation were well known to some of them, and without waiting for legal authority to search for me (which the masters were slowly obtaining), the moment the rules of the boarding-houses permitted, a large body of the boys came in quest of me. They had found little difficulty in tracking out my prison, and the siege they were now laying to the house was the result.

The battering at the door continued for some minutes, not a word being given in reply from within. Presently silence prevailed, and I could distinctly hear a conversation between Churchill and the man who had captured me, who, I supposed, was speaking from one of the upper windows. He warned the crowd off, declaring that he had nobody but himself in the house, and that he would fire at the first person that broke in. A parley ensued among the boys, and then sudden silence was again enforced. I seized the moment, and cried aloud, "Churchill, I'm here!" with all my strength. A wild cry of satisfaction from my schoolfellows was the response; and I heard them proceed to batter down the door. They seemed ill provided with instruments for overcoming its strong fastenings; but at length it seemed to me to be giving way. At that moment I detected a faint smell of smoke in the cellar, which rapidly grew stronger; and as I was wondering where it came from, I heard the street-door fall in with a crash, and the boys streamed into the house. As they rushed along they were stopped, as they afterwards told me, by a second door, while a cloud of stifling smoke further impeded their passage. From the broken sentences which reached me in my prison, I soon learnt that the house was on fire, and that my deliverers were unable to burst the new barrier in their path. Every instant the smoke poured more densely into the cellar; a violent coughing fit seized me; the dogs were terrified, yelled, and sprang into the air, and dashed themselves against the cellar-walls; my brain grew dizzy; I thought I was on the verge of eternity, and strove to pray for pardon for my sins. As a last resource, I thought I might as well try whether I could break through the cellar-door itself; and I threw myself against it with all the force I could command. It gave signs of yielding; and, with the strength of despair, I flung myself upon it a second time. It flew open with a bound, and I fell head-

long upon the floor, now utterly overpowered with the smoke and exhaustion, and unable to rise. As my senses gradually sank into oblivion, I could detect a change in the movements above. New comers had plainly arrived; rapid blows were struck upon the pavement; the grating was driven in, with a portion of the cellar-roof; they were about to liberate me there. But I thought it was too late; consciousness scarcely remained; I murmured, "My God, have mercy on me! my God, have mercy on me!" and neither saw, heard, or felt more.

[To be continued.]

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COLLECTIONS ILLUSTRATING THE HISTORY OF THE  
ENGLISH BENEDICTINE CONGREGATION.

CHAPTER IV.

*St. Edmund's Convent at Paris.*

WE regret our inability of seeing a manuscript history of this establishment compiled by Dom William Hewlet, a professed member of the house, who died 27th January, 1747. With a collection of old books, it came into the possession of Mr. William Andrews, bookseller, in 1845; and his catalogue stated that it consisted of 190 quarto pages, besides several slips of paper inserted, and that his price was 21*l.* 10*s.*

From F. Weldon's Chronological Notes we discover, that the abbess of the Royal Nunnery of Chelles, near Paris, anxious to reform her community, applied to F. Austin Bradshaw to send some of his subjects to assist her in accomplishing this commendable work. In 1611, he deputed F. Francis Walgrave, and in the ensuing year rejoined him for that purpose. The abbess was so much edified with their zeal and charity, that she determined to have a little community of his subjects to minister to her religious. In 1615, she obtained from Dieulwart a reinforcement of six others, viz. FF. Clement Reyner, Nicholas Curry, George Sayer, Alban Roe, Placid Gascoigne, and Dunstan Pottinger. These she placed in the Hotel of St. Andrew, in the suburbs of St. James, and until the union continued to treat them with favour and liberality (p. 65). Their first Superior was the said F. Walgrave; F. Bradshaw governed a short time before his removal to Longueville. F. Thomas Monnington, who had been professed in 1610, was nominated prior at the first general



chapter held in their house of St. Andrew, 2d June, 1617. F. Matthew Sandeford was shortly after called to replace him; but Bishop Gifford requiring his services at Rheims as domestic chaplain, the president, F. Leander, of St. Martin, on 15th May, 1619, appointed F. Bernard Berrington to take the reins of superiority (p. 113). In the meanwhile, F. Walgrave and his associate, F. John Barnes, at Chelles, conceiving themselves to be overlooked in these appointments, and manifesting a great dislike and opposition to the union, had recourse to such unjustifiable means as to bring upon themselves the condemnation of their general, Alvarus de Soto (*Apostolatus*, part ii. p. 216). Good Bishop Gifford having now the command of funds, "thinking it derogatory to the prosperity of the union to have the monks engaged in it at Paris to depend any longer on F. Walgrave and his at Chelles, at his own expense placed them in another house. This was the beginning of the Convent at Paris, now intitled to St. Edmund, King of the East Angles and Martyr" (*Weldon*, p. 114). F. Berrington carefully presided over his little flock during the short period of his government. At the next chapter he was appointed procurator of his brethren at Paris, and died Vice-President of France, 2d Nov. 1639 (p. 161).

In Anne of Austria, the queen-mother of Louis XIV., the community experienced a friend and protectress. Their *new* church was blessed on Shrove Tuesday, 28th Feb. 1677. The foundation-stone had been laid on 29th May, 1674, by the Princess Mary Louisa, daughter of Philip Duke of Orleans, niece of Louis XIV., and afterwards Queen of Spain. His Majesty Louis XIV. gave the convent special marks of his favourable consideration; granted them letters of naturalisation 9th Sept. 1674; and confirmed to them the estate of La Celle, about a day's journey from Paris, in the province of Brie. The exiled King James II. loved this house. In the Holy Week of 1694 he made here his spiritual retreat; he repeated it in Sept. 1696. F. Joseph Aprice (who died here 25th July, 1703), was his bosom friend and counsellor. When his Majesty expired at St. Germaines-en-Laye, 16th Sept. 1701, his body was brought to St. Edmund's the next day; and, after lying in state for forty days, was solemnly interred in a vault therein prepared for the purpose. There it reposed until the early part of the French Revolution. A Mr. Fitz-Simons, an Irish gentleman, was witness to its exhumation, and related, in September 1840, the following circumstances attending it to my friend Pitman Jones:

"I was a prisoner in Paris, in the convent of the English Benedictines, in the Rue St. Jacques, during part of the Re-

volution. In the year 1793 or 1794 the body of King James II. of England was in one of the chapels there, where it had been deposited some time, under the expectation that it would one day be sent to England for interment in Westminster Abbey. It had never been buried. The body was in a wooden coffin, enclosed in a leaden one, and that again enclosed in a second wooden one, covered with black velvet. While I was so a prisoner, the sansculottes broke open the coffin to get at the lead to cast into bullets. The body lay exposed nearly a whole day. It was swaddled like a mummy, bound tight with garters. The sansculottes took out the body, which had been embalmed. There was a strong smell of vinegar and camphor. The corpse was beautiful and perfect; the hands and nails were very fine; I moved and bent every finger. I never saw so fine a set of teeth in my life. A young lady, a fellow-prisoner, wished much to have a tooth; I tried to get one out for her, but could not, they were so firmly fixed. The feet also were very beautiful. The face and cheeks were just as if he were alive. I rolled his eyes; and the eyeballs were perfectly firm under my finger. The French and English prisoners gave money to the sansculottes for shewing the body. They said he was a good sansculotte, and they were going to put him into a hole in the public churchyard, like other sansculottes; and he was carried away, but where the body was thrown I never heard. King George IV. tried all in his power to get tidings of the body, but could not. Around the chapel were several wax moulds of the face hung up, made probably at the time of the king's death, and the corpse was very like them. The body had been originally kept at the palace of St. Germain, whence it was brought to the convent of the Benedictines. Mr. Porter, the prior, was a prisoner at the time in his own convent."

Mr. Banks, in his *Dormant and Extinct Peerage*, vol. iv. p. 450, quotes the Paris papers, affirming that the royal remains were discovered, and transferred to the church of St. Germain-en-Laye, conformably, as it is said, to orders given by King George IV. to his ambassador at Paris; that this interesting ceremony took place on 10th September, 1824; and that the ambassador was represented by Mr. Sheldon, a Catholic gentleman, the Bishop of Edinburgh performing the ceremony.\*

\* Several of our gentry dying at Paris selected St. Edmund's for their last resting-place, viz. : Sir Henry Gifford, of Burstall, Bart., ob. 27th Sept. 1664; Sir Francis Anderton, of Lostock, Bart., ob. 2d February, 1678, æt. 51, to whom his relict, Lady Elizabeth (Somerset), erected a monument; Charles Penruddock, Esq., who died 1st March, 1679, æt. 28; Lord Lauderdale in 1695; Francis Stafford, son of William Viscount Stafford, ob. 4th March, 1700.



Priors.

SIGEBERT BAGSHAW was elected at Douay, at the second general chapter after the renovation of the old Benedictine body in England, on 2d July, 1621. He had previously resided several years at Rome as procurator or agent. After governing the house for eight years, he died 19th August, 1633, having obtained a decree the day before, that every deceased president should be prayed for in every convent of the congregation (p. 149). He was buried in the centre of St. Gregory's church, Douay, "with a *short* account of who he was, and when he died." What a pity F. Weldon had not copied the epitaph!

PLACID GASCOIGN succeeded in July 1629, of whom we shall treat in the account of Lambspring.

GABRIEL BRETT, elected 1st August, 1633, and continued to preside for eight years. We have mentioned him under St. Malo's.

FRANCIS (of St. Joseph) CAPE, elected 9th August, 1641, and also remained in office for eight years. He was re-elected in 1657, and continued prior until the eleventh general chapter, held in London on 1st May, 1666. He died at Paris in Feb. 1668, aged about 66. "A very regular, abstemious, and exemplary man" (p. 187). It is remarkable that his brother, Dom Michael, died also at Paris within a day of him.

AUSTIN LATHAM (nephew to Doms Swibert, Thomas Torquatus, and Joseph Latham) was appointed at the eleventh chapter in 1653; but soon giving it up, was replaced by B. Bennet Nelson (p. 171). He was re-elected, however, in 1673; but declined. At the seventeenth general chapter in 1677 he was again chosen; but had hardly been installed, "when he died, 13th November that year, to the great grief of his house and the congregation, about the age of 56. He had been chosen one of Queen Catharine's chaplains, and performed the duty with great edification, till by the persecution he was forced to retire into France. What money he had been able to spare from his allowance at the Royal Chapel he left to St. Edmund's; and which, if he had lived, he would have put into a very flourishing state, both as to temporals and spirituals. He was the second person interred at the new burying-place. The first was Brother Adrian Coppens, who had died 16th October, 1676." (*Weldon*, p. 196.)

BENNET NELSON. We have seen how he supplied for his predecessor. Again he was called to preside, in 1681, for

another quadriennium. We have already mentioned him under St. Malo's.

MICHAEL CAPE, brother of Francis. He served the office from May 1666 till his death in February 1668, aged about 58: "very zealous in his duty" (p. 187).

JOSEPH SHIREBURN, elected at the fifteenth general chapter, holden in London, on the refusal of Thomas Anderton to accept the office. For eight years he continued superior; he died president of the congregation at Paris, on 9th April, 1697, æt. 69, rel. 46, of a dead palsy. "Industriously he reared up the new church and dormitory of St. Edmund's, and adorned the sacristy with church plate and ornaments, got the benefice of Choisy annexed to the house as a perpetual rent, and procured that the religious might be capable of benefices; by which means, and the charitable piety of the faithful, the said convent of Paris subsists. He was so acceptable to the late King James that, by his Majesty's means, he once brought Cardinal Bovillon into favour again with his most Christian Majesty" (p. 217).

JAMES NELSON, elected in 1685. He served for one quadriennium; ob. 19th January, 1707.

FRANCIS FENWICK, D.D. elected in 1689. He was an eloquent preacher, in great repute with King James II., who sent him to Rome as his agent at that court. There he died, 30th October, 1694.

PLACID NELSON succeeded in 1693, of whom I can glean no further details.

WILLIAM HITCHCOCK, who had been admitted into the English College at Rome in 1644, which he left at the end of three years to join the order, was elected in 1697, on F. Joseph Johnston's declining the office. We have mentioned this prior under the account of St. Gregory's. He survived till 11th August, 1711.

ANTHONY TURBEVILLE followed in 1701; ob. 10th February, 1721.

F. JOSEPH JOHNSTON, elected in 1705, on F. William Phillipson's refusing to serve. Ob. 9th July, 1723.

(Here we are at default.)

FRANCIS MORE, elected in 1721, ob. 5th March, 1740.

LAURENCE YORK, D.D. was elected in 1729. Of this right rev. divine we have spoken under St. Gregory's.

EDWARD SHIREBURN, I think, followed.

JOHN STOURTON; ob. 3d October, 1748.



HENRY WYBURN occurs prior in 1737-1741.

MAURUS COPE, elected in 1745, died 14th March, 1753.

CHARLES WALMESLEY, D.D. elected in 1749, of whom we shall treat at large in chapter the seventh.

WILFRID CONSTABLE, ob. 27th December, 1764.

GEORGE (AUGUSTINE) WALKER occurs prior in the autumn of 1756, again 4th November, 1761; of whom we shall have to speak in the seventh chapter. He died at Compeigne, 13th January, 1794.

JAMES (BERNARD) PRICE was prior from 1762 to 1765, as I am informed. But there was a father of this name, said to have been prior of St. Edmund's, who arrived at Ugbrooke in the autumn of 1757 to serve as my Lord Clifford's chaplain. There he died three months later, and was buried in the chancel of Chudleigh church, on 4th January, 1758.

THOMAS WELSH was prior late in 1765; ob. 20th August, 1790.

WILLIAM (GREGORY) COWLEY. This amiable prior filled the office for many years—of whom more in the ninth and last chapter.

HENRY PARKER (*not* PORTER) was the last prior of St. Edmund's at Paris. He ended his days in that city on 8th July, 1817; and in the following chapter, 1818, Dr. Marsh was appointed administrator.

During the quadriennium from 1822 to 1826, the president, Dr. Marsh, succeeded in resuscitating St. Edmund's convent, on a portion of the old site of St. Gregory's, at Douay. When this active superior had made his arrangements, he obtained Dr. William Collier to be the first prior. Dr. Collier continued in office till 1834, when he retired to the mission of Little Crosby, near Liverpool. After a year's apostolic labour there, he was sent to Rome as agent for the congregation. He was present at the general chapter in 1838; and returning to Rome in the month of May 1840, was consecrated Bishop of Milevis, with the charge of the faithful in the Mauritius, by Cardinal Frasoni. In 1848, when Port Louis, the capital of the Mauritius, was erected into an episcopal see, Dr. Collier became its first Bishop. On his resigning the priorship of St. Edmund's at Douay, Dr. Francis Appleton was declared his successor, but in 1841 was transferred to the incumbency of St. Peter's chapel, Seel Street, Liverpool. There he caught, in the exercise of his ministry, that dreadful fever which ravaged Liverpool in 1847, and which tested the heroic

zeal and charity of so many priestly victims. Recommended to try a change of air at Stanbrook convent, near Worcester, he breathed his last in the arms of his dear friend the president, Dr. Barber, at four of the morning, 26th May, 1847.

F. RICHARD (PAULINUS) BURCHALL has presided at St. Edmund's since the resignation of Dr. Appleton; and from our hearts we say, "Crescas in mille millia." (Gen. xxiv. 60.)

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### Reviews.

#### RISE, PROGRESS, AND RESULTS OF PUSEYISM.

*Lectures on certain Difficulties felt by Anglicans in submitting to the Catholic Church.* By John Henry Newman, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. Burns and Lambert.

[Second article.]

IN three brief years, as we have seen, the Tractarian movement attained a vigorous youth. Starting with undoubting faith in the Established Church, and without a suspicion of the real tendency of its principles, it spent its early years in developing what it conceived to be the *bona fide* spirit of Anglicanism. For these three years its progress was precisely that of the first epochs in a man's natural existence. It was maturing and educating its powers, rather than using them in the realities of actual life. Its passing thoughts were a romance, a dream of future achievements, based on an undoubting and loving confidence in the friends of its infancy and childhood, and a belief that in all the wide world around there was no place like its own home.

But this life of ours is not all childhood and boyhood. Whatever be the business of manhood, it is *not* that which was dreamed of by our young imaginations. The powers that we have sharpened in our early conventional struggles are speedily called to hard and painful toils, un hoped for and unanticipated. And such was the rapid issue of what all out of Oxford called Puseyism. Three summers and winters brought it almost into the very presence of the Catholic Church; and the energies which its followers thought to devote solely to the destruction of Ultra-Protestantism, and to the development of the mystic life of Anglicanism, were summoned to do battle against the terrible array of the hosts of Rome, and to wage a secret warfare against all authority in the Establishment itself.



And the remarkable though very natural circumstance in this change was this, that it was the agitators' own work that the controversy with Rome became so urgent. Catholic controversialists as yet meddled with them not, or hardly at all. They were borne along on the tide of their own ill-understood principles. Ultra-Protestantism, indeed, imputed a secret Romanising to them from the very first; and so far they were forced upon Anticatholic demonstrations in self-defence. But scorning, as they did, their petty assailants from the Evangelical and Establishmentarian quarters, it was not from fear of Protestants that they began to take up a new ground against the Church of Rome. Within their own inmost souls unwonted yearnings rose. The writings of the Fathers, which they sincerely loved, cherished these aspirations, and suggested ideas which hurried their thoughts onwards into forbidden regions of truth and delight. Prayer, and fasting, and frequent communions, and veneration for saints, and the desire for a practical episcopal superintendence, and the realising of the sacramental principle, could not become habitual subjects of *thought* without moulding the mind of many a devoted Anglican into a shape which fitted ill into the daily routine of Church-of-England formalism. Spite of themselves, their hearts burned within them when they recollected the undying powers of Rome. Living truth they saw to be her undeniable heritage, even though overlaid (as they felt confident) with modern corruptions. To a new phase of duty, therefore, they addressed themselves. We shall watch them steadily persevering in an attempt to appropriate the doctrines, the practices, and the discipline of Rome, and gradually opening their eyes to the inherent—though long thought not incurable—Protestantism of the Establishment. Meanwhile, foes from every quarter thicken around them, and difficulties multiply. The Bishops disown them; controversialists expose their weak points; injudicious friends give needless scandal; “weak-minded” and “impatient” followers straggle Romewards. Fresh efforts, therefore, are made to fortify their ever-moving position. It must be proved possible to be a Catholic in heart and a Protestant in body; the Church of England must be unprotestantised, and her children must not desert her. And thus the course of Puseyism's manhood is run, and the accomplishment of her work is at hand. From 1836 to 1841 Catholic doctrines spread and develope to the very verge of the territory of Rome. In 1841 the Tract No. 90 is published, and the foundations of the fabric begin to totter. In 1845, Mr. Ward, having defied the enemy to eject him from the border-fortress he has constructed, is bombarded and driven forth into the

plains; and, in the course of the same year, England sees the natural results of the movement, and the columns of the newspapers teem with histories of "Secessions to Rome." Then follows the season of decadence. While many become Catholics, many retreat to the pleasant places of Establishmentarianism, many fly to German unbelief, and many redouble their efforts to propagate "Catholic views" under the shade of the Thirty-nine Articles. Still, old age comes on apace. Dr. Hampden mounts the episcopal bench; Dr. Sumner ascends the throne of St. Thomas of Canterbury; Dr. Philpotts is defeated by the Rev. George Cornelius Gorham; and Puseyism relapses into second childhood. Such is the strange history which yet remains for us to tell.

Early in 1837, then, Mr. Newman took a step of a kind extremely unusual with him, and entered into controversy with one of his most popular opponents. The *Christian Observer* was, and still is, the monthly magazine of the Evangelical party in the Church of England. It was originally established in the golden days of the Clapham Sect. Wilberforce, Macaulay, Thornton, and the other chief votaries of gentlemanly Calvinism, were its founders and chief supporters. At one time its circulation was very large, and its influence proportionate. In 1837 its editor was the Rev. S. C. Wilks, an Evangelical of the anti-dissent school, a clever but interminable writer; ordinarily courteous in his polemics, but fierce in the extreme in antitractarian zeal. Some person among his subscribers having given him a fresh occasion for dilating at large on Tractarian iniquities, the editor wound up the remarks thus called forth with the following words: "We ask Professor Pusey how, as a conscientious man, he retains any office in a Church which requires him to subscribe all the Thirty-nine Articles, and to acknowledge as scriptural the doctrines set forth in the Homilies. Will any one of the writers or approvers of the Oxford Tracts venture to say that he does really believe all the doctrines of the Articles and Homilies of our Church? He may construe some of the *Offices* of the Church after his own manner, but what does he do with the Articles and Homilies? We have often asked this question in private, but could never get an answer. Will any approver of the Oxford Tracts answer it in print?"

The challenge thus given was speedily met; and the result was as pretty a specimen of editorial "management" as any to which the whole movement gave occasion. Mr. Newman's letters to the magazine cut up the Evangelical system root and branch; and so far as Tractarianism followed in the real doctrines of the Fathers, they made good the cause they



defended. The editor, however, contrived so to print his opponent's communications, and to flood them with such a miry stream of his own remarks, that the profitless discussion was speedily terminated, and all that resulted was an increase in embittered feelings. Mr. Newman's letters were reprinted in the fourth volume of the Tracts, with the omission (said the advertisement) of one or two "expressions which were, perhaps, more discourteous towards the magazine than the occasion required."

A Tract followed in the course of the same year, which, perhaps more than any publication yet issued, served to arouse the fears, and, what is worse, the suspicions, of many of the cautious and candid "friends" of the movement. A long and elaborate essay from the pen of the Rev. Isaac Williams, of Trinity College, advocated what it called "Reserve in communicating religious knowledge." To this Tract it would be unfair to deny the praise of much study and thought, while it contained just so much of soundness of principle, and unquestionable harmony with the words of Scripture and with primitive practice, as to make it seem a positive revelation of forgotten truths in the eyes of admiring disciples of the school. It shews that Almighty God has ever taught that it is right to inculcate different measures of truth on different minds, according to their capacities and vocations, and their advance in the spiritual life;—a doctrine familiar enough to every Catholic, and accordant to the common sense of all mankind. The writer then proved briefly that a system of "economy" was practised by the early Church, under the term *disciplina arcani*; and he then proceeded to his practical conclusion. What this was, it is not easy to ascertain; and we question whether Mr. Williams himself ever knew distinctly what he meant. He seemed, however, to assert that the doctrine of the Atonement ought not to be brought prominently forward in public sermons to mixed congregations. In a subsequent Tract he continued the subject, entered more at length into the statements of the Fathers, and asserted that the system of "the Church" is one of reserve. The whole was a singular proof of the utterly unpractical character of the writer's mind, and of the general impotence of Tractarianism to take the great doctrines of primitive Christianity and apply them with living force to the realities of modern times.

The storm of indignation which followed was but natural. The Evangelicals saw their favourite dogma of 'justification by faith only' imperilled more fatally than ever under the plausibilities of a modern *disciplina arcani*. Sober and serious men were astounded at being told that "the doctrine of the

Atonement might be taught in all its fulness, without being brought out from the context of Holy Scripture into prominent and explicit mention." A deep sentiment of suspicion was created in all but determined Tractarians; and the indiscriminating multitude began to believe that there was some truth in the vulgar tales about Jesuits lurking in disguise in Oxford, and even holding Establishment preferment under the title of Protestant clergymen. The hesitating lameness of Mr. Williams's conclusions served but to make his theory more odious; and the more vague were his assertions, the subtler was the poison thought to be hidden beneath them. From this Tract, indeed, we may date the systematising, as a matter of principle, of that habit of concealment which became one of the most intolerable features of Tractarianism in the eyes of the English world. Fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, friends and associates, could not endure the mysterious hints and cautiously unmoved countenances which now began to chill many a fireside, and break the bonds of ancient affection. Henceforth concealment became not only a necessity, but a virtue. Secret Romanising grew easy when it was cloaked under the garb of the "economy;" and the initiated believed themselves the most primitive Christians on earth when they concealed their unpopular practices, and uttered mysterious formularies, intelligible only to those who possessed the key.

The alarms thus created were not dispelled by the publication (about this time) of a volume of lectures by Mr. Newman on *Romanism and Popular Protestantism*. This work originated in some controversial papers which the author had written in 1834 against the Abbé Jager, and which were now systematised and completed from a course of evening lectures delivered in 1836 in Adam de Brome's Chapel, a species of chantry attached to St. Mary's Church, Oxford. Vigorous, subtle, and learned, they entirely failed in mastering the difficulties of their subject, from the writer's defective knowledge of the facts of Catholicism. Still they betrayed the workings of a mind silently and gladly yielding an ever-deepening homage to the glorious truths which he conceived that Rome had overlaid with corruptions. Of "Popular Protestantism," as might be expected, Mr. Newman made short work; and notwithstanding all the "cursing and swearing," as Froude called it, with which he uttered his testimony against Rome, the book was intensely disliked by the Evangelicals, and viewed with suspicion by the old-fashioned High Churchmen.

Clouds now began to gather around the episcopal thrones



of the Establishment. The bench was little conciliated by that ascription of supernatural powers to their order which it had been the first work of the Tracts to proclaim. A more unwelcome piece of information could scarcely have been offered to a class of men who knew themselves to be the well-paid creatures of a Prime Minister, than this tidings that they were successors to the Apostles, and therefore—as was implied—bound to live an apostolic life. Here and there a polemical Philpotts, or a gentlemanly and kind-hearted Bagot, or a candid and reflecting Thirlwall, might be struck with the tokens of power and vitality which the writings of the new school presented, and might treat its leaders with tenderness, if not with distinction. But on the whole, unmixed dislike took possession of the episcopal mind, and one by one they proceeded to deliver their testimony, more or less hostile, against the new opinions. After a few ominous drops and uncomfortable gusts, the tempest broke upon the heads of the bewildered “Apostolicals,” and for seven or eight years the storm of “Charges” rained on; and the English nation was assured by its chief spiritual advisers, that the doctrines of the Tracts were at the least erroneous and exaggerated, if not radically anti-Protestant and abominable. In the year 1842 the tempest was heaviest, when the popular feeling had been wound up to its highest pitch of excitement by the various demonstrations whose chronological succession we have not yet reached, and after the publication of the Tract No. 90 had undeceived the most confiding. A passage in Father Newman’s fifth Lecture on Anglican Difficulties paints the amazement of the party thus attacked so brilliantly and amusingly that we give it entire :

“The idea, then, of the so-called Anglo-Catholic divines was, simply and absolutely, submission to an external authority; to it they appealed, to it they betook themselves; there they found a haven of rest; thence they looked out upon the troubled surge of human opinion, and upon the crazy vessels which were labouring, without chart or compass, upon it. Judge, then, of their dismay, when, according to the Arabian tale, on their striking their anchors into the supposed soil, lighting their fires on it, and fixing in it the poles of their tents, suddenly their island began to move, to heave, to splash, to frisk to and fro, to dive, and at last to swim away, spouting out inhospitable jets of water upon the credulous mariners who had made it their home. And such, I suppose, was the undeniable fact: I mean, the time at length came, when, first of all turning their minds (some of them at least) more carefully to the doctrinal controversies of the early Church, they saw distinctly that in the reasonings of the Fathers, elicited by means of them, and in the decisions of authority, in which they issued, were contained the rudiments at least, the anticipations, the justification, of what they had been accus-

tomed to consider the corruptions of Rome. And if only one, or a few of them, were visited with this conviction, still one was sufficient, of course, to destroy that cardinal point of their whole system, the objective perspicuity and distinctness of the teaching of the Fathers. But time went on, and there was no mistaking or denying the misfortune which was impending over them. They had reared a goodly house, but their foundations were falling in. The soil and the masonry both were bad. The Fathers would protect 'Romanists' as well as extinguish Dissenters. The Anglican divines would misquote the Fathers, and shrink from the very doctors to whom they appealed. The Bishops of the seventeenth century were shy of the Bishops of the fourth; and the Bishops of the nineteenth were shy of the Bishops of the seventeenth. The ecclesiastical courts upheld the sixteenth century against the seventeenth, and, unconscious of the flagrant irregularities of Protestant clergymen, chastised the mild misdemeanours of Anglo-Catholics. Soon the living rulers of the Establishment began to move. There are those who, reversing the Roman's maxim,\* are wont to shrink from the contumacious, and to be valiant towards the submissive; and the authorities in question gladly availed themselves of the power conferred on them by the movement against the movement itself. They fearlessly handselled their Apostolic weapons upon the Apostolical party. One after another, in long succession, they took up their song and their parable against it. It was a solemn war-dance, which they executed round victims who by their very principles were bound hand and foot, and could only eye, with disgust and perplexity, this most unaccountable movement on the part of their 'holy Fathers, the representatives of the Apostles, and the Angels of the Churches.' It was the beginning of the end."

The same year saw the publication of the first two volumes of Froude's *Remains*. On the whole, this was perhaps the most unpalatable dose which the Tract-writers administered to the Protestant public. Words more subtle may have been uttered, and things more audacious may have been done; but the genuine Protestant palate revolted with its most unconquerable abhorrence from the medicine which Mr. Froude's letters and journals presented to its taste. We have already described their writer's character, and given sufficient extracts from the *Remains* to enable our readers to judge of their quality. They are unquestionably a most interesting series of records of the workings of a mind struggling for freedom; and the mingled wit, gentle feelings, and good sense which they displayed, ensured their perusal in many quarters where not a moment would have been given to a dry theological essay. As it was, the Protestant world was literally astounded. Some sneered at Froude's mortifications, others groaned over his ap-

\* "Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos."



parent recklessness; the "safe" men shrugged their shoulders at his onslaughts on the Reformers, and marvelled at the zeal with which he sympathised with spiritual resistance to state tyranny; while the Evangelicals and quasi-Evangelicals pointed to his rare mention of the name of our blessed Lord, or the doctrine of the Atonement, or of our need of the aid of the Holy Ghost, as indubitable proofs of the Pharisaism of devotees to fasting and believers in baptismal regeneration. His sermons—which formed part of the *Remains*—they scouted as unevangelical moral essays; his treatise on the Eucharist as jesuitical quibbling. Still the influence of the book was immense. For the first time in its history, Tractarianism spoke in thoroughly plain language. There was no longer possibility of mistaking its tendency. It *must* hate the Reformation, and the reverence due to abstract episcopacy *must* merge in opposition to the concrete prelates of Anglicanism. The younger disciples of the movement, hitherto standing in awe of the cautious and sedate aspect which their leaders for the most part assumed, now revelled in Froude's keen sayings, and, under the shelter of the *imprimatur* of his honoured editors, began to speak out, and to look forward, and to wonder when the beginning of the end would really come.

On Sunday the 20th of May, a few months after the publication of Froude's *Remains*, an explosion took place in the University pulpit. It was on a small scale: but as a pistol-shot reverberates like the voice of a cannon when magnified by a multiplied echo, so did Dr. Faussett's sermon on "The Revival of Popery," aided by the commentaries it called forth, create a considerable hubbub for some space of time after its delivery. The individual thus brought into temporary notoriety held what is called "The Margaret Professorship of Divinity" in Oxford, to which he had been elected by certain of the University authorities. He was a person of small abilities, but much indignation against the Tracts; and when Froude's *Remains* appeared, and were largely read, he could contain himself no longer, but delivered his testimony in a long, dull, prejudiced, and blundering discourse. On the publication of the sermon, Mr. Newman almost instantly published a reply. Considering the cause he was defending, and the marvellous rapidity\* with which this answer was prepared, the "Letter to Dr. Faussett" was a most able piece of controversy. As an *argumentum ad hominem* to one who professed to hold firmly to the "venerated" Establishment, it

\* It appeared within twenty-four hours after the publication of Dr. Faussett's sermon.

was unanswerable; and the delight with which the Tractarians hailed this proof of the prowess of one of their chief captains was proportionate and exulting. On a subsequent occasion a further and more entertaining but less powerful response to Dr. Faussett's attacks was sent forth by the *British Critic*, which about this time became the quarterly organ of the movement, and whose demonstrations in the Antiprottestant line henceforward excited no small stir in the ecclesiastical world of Protestantism. The reviewer—who was not Mr. Newman—castigated the Professor with a severity only equalled by the gusto with which he laid on the lash. Every body read the article; many shook their heads at its somewhat unscrupulous personality, but few could resist a smile; and the poor Professor was laughed at even by his own friends.

While the conflict thus thickened within the shades of Oxford, no little disturbance was raised by another small sermon, preached in the presence of royalty, far away from the academic groves. Dr. Hook, whom an indiscriminating public for some time classed with the genuine Oxford school, being appointed Chaplain in Ordinary to Queen Victoria, delivered in the chapel at St. James's Palace a discourse, which was printed, and ran in an inconceivably short space to some twenty or thirty editions. "Hear the Church," was its text and title; "the Church," according to Dr. Hook, meaning the English Establishment, and all Dissenters, therefore, being heretics and sinners. The sermon was shallow enough, and no better than Dr. Hook's usual commonplaces. Still it had all his characteristic impudence of assertion, and that coolness of hypothesis and plausibility of statement which still, we believe, make some persons esteem the Doctor as an eminent theologian. "Hear the Church," however, had been literally preached before the Queen, *i. e.* the head of the Church, and the Queen had not remonstrated; nay, gossip asserted that she was moved, if not convinced. All the world, therefore, bought the sermon, as all the world recently bought Dr. Philpotts' letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury. Its delivery became a great fact for newspaper critics; and the more sanguine and unreflecting Puseyites trusted that henceforth "Church-principles" would prevail in the Church, through the patronage of its supreme head.

The last work of the movement which gained public notoriety during the year 1838 was another University sermon. On the 5th of November, Dr. Pusey preached an exposition of the High-Church theory of passive obedience to the civil power, with reflections on the massacre of St. Bartholomew, which he attributed to the Catholic Church, and on the ini-



quities of the English Revolution of 1688. In those days Dr. Pusey's sermons were always great events, and frequently enunciated some new point, not yet fully enforced. The 5th of November sermon accordingly attracted general attention; and the *Edinburgh Review*, which now began to take up the subject of Tractarianism with no little ability and ill-will, vouchsafed it a rejoinder in language more temperate than it was wont to employ. At this period Puseyism in general was Tory to the heart's core. The royal supremacy had not yet laid a finger on its advance. The Jerusalem bishopric and the Gorham case were yet in the womb of time; and it was only such keen-eyed men as Froude who instinctively felt that the Church of England has not merely a Pope in the temporal sovereign, but a Pope more despotic than any spiritual successor of St. Peter. The party were, for the most part, haters of democracy in every shape; and if they could not fall down and worship the head of the Church in the person of a young lady a little more than twenty years old, they satisfied their consciences by a canonisation of King Charles, and by a reverent honour paid to the very name of George the Third. Dr. Pusey's 5th of November sermon, accordingly, was received as a fresh decision of doctrine. Whigs replied, Radicals laughed, Conservatives thought he was going too far; but youthful Oxford was edified, and even the Dons almost conciliated.

Three numbers of the *Tracts for the Times* were issued in 1838. The first consisted of four sermons on Antichrist by Mr. Newman. Though clouded by his yet undetermined ideas respecting Rome, they contained many acute remarks, and some striking arguments in favour of the view that lawlessness is to be the spirit of *the* Antichrist, whenever and wherever it appears. The second was a compilation of extracts from Anglican divines, asserting that it is the duty of every clergyman in the Establishment to have morning and evening public prayers in his church. At the end of the Tract was reprinted a curious paper from an old work, *Pietas Londinensis*, published in the beginning of the eighteenth century, shewing how general these daily services were in the London churches at that period. The third Tract was one of the ablest of the whole series. It also consisted of a course of sermons by Mr. Newman, which were preached before they were published. They were called "Lectures on the Scripture Proof of the Doctrines of the Church;" and as a reply to the *Protestant* objections to Tractarianism, were unanswerable. A large portion of what they urge is perfectly applicable to the controversy between the Catholic Church and

all shades of Protestantism; and it is impossible not to see that intellectually, though manifestly unconsciously, the writer was rapidly approaching the boundary which divides Rome from Anglicanism, as well as from all other heresies. The outline of its argument was to the effect that whatever difficulties ultra-Protestants urged against the doctrines of baptism, the holy eucharist, apostolical succession, absolution, and other like dogmas, on the ground of the insufficiency of Scripture proof, might be urged with equal force against the canon and inspiration of Scripture itself. Either, said the author, reject Scripture as an uninspired book, or receive the Church doctrines; for whether they stand or fall, they must go *together*. Mr. Newman was not yet prepared to see that in setting up "unauthoritative tradition" as a satisfactory guide where Scripture failed, he was following a teacher at once unintelligible to the enormous majority of men, and confessedly uninspired. He foresaw, and loudly proclaimed, that a knowledge of the Scripture difficulties must drive *many* to Rome; but he would take his own stand upon the quicksands of unwritten tradition, unsanctioned by any living infallible authority. The Tract, nevertheless, was eminently calculated to point the way to the Catholic Church; and we know of one case at least in which, in converting a reader from Erastianism to Puseyism, it lodged him at the very threshold of the temple where the living and infallible guide decides on doctrines and teaches the anxious soul.

Other Tracts, which with the three just mentioned completed the fifth volume, were issued in the two following years, but may as well be noticed at once. Mr. Williams added the sequel to his essay on Reserve, and issued a singular Tract, with the title, *Indications of a Superintending Providence in the preservation of the Prayer-book, and in the changes which it has undergone*. This composition was the first specimen furnished of a theory which has been most amazingly brought forward on different subsequent occasions, to lull the consciences of troubled Anglicans under the miseries inflicted on them. This theory is to the effect that every misfortune which befalls Anglo-Catholics is a *sign of life*! They are signs of life, because if the Anglican body were not a living branch of the true Church, it must inevitably have been crushed by such terrible visitations! In this spirit Mr. Williams felt convinced that the havoc which the Reformers had made in the old liturgies in adapting them to the necessities of Protestantism was a providential dispensation, divinely intended, not to lead Anglicans back to the Catholic Church, but to foster a penitential and eminently spiritual life in the



Established Church itself. That the Breviary and the Missal had been deprived by the Reformers of every Christian element short of absolute annihilation, was indeed true enough; and, as chance would have it, in their zeal for "evangelical" religion, they had contrived almost utterly to destroy the more jubilant portions of the old offices. But it was reserved for the *Tracts for the Times*, unconscious of the self-condemnation they proclaimed, to point to the lugubrious aspect of the Book of Common Prayer, at the very moment that they were upholding Anglicanism as the purest branch of the Christian Church yet existent upon earth. A translation of Bishop Andrewes's devotions concluded the fifth volume.

In 1838 also the *Library of the Fathers* was commenced. This was a publication edited by Dr. Pusey, Mr. Keble, and Mr. Newman, whose object was to make the writings of the early Christian writers more generally known, as an antidote to ultra-Protestantism, and a preservative (it was supposed) against Romanism. It comprised both translations and the original text of many of the greatest works of the Fathers of the Church. A prospectus was issued, stating twelve distinct reasons for the publication; two of which are sufficiently curious—the one as amusing, the other as instructive. The former ran thus: "The great danger in which Romanists are of lapsing into secret infidelity, not seeing how to escape from the palpable errors of their own Church, without falling into the opposite errors of ultra-Protestantism. It appeared an especial act of charity to point out to such of them as are dissatisfied with the state of their own Church a body of ancient Catholic truth, free from the errors alike of modern Rome and of ultra-Protestantism." The latter is as follows: "The great comfort of being able to produce out of Christian antiquity refutations of heresy (such as the different shades of the Arian); thereby avoiding the necessity of discussing ourselves profane errors, which, on so high mysteries, cannot be handled without pain, and *rarely without injury to our own minds.*" Such was the confessed inability to cope with error of men who, at the very moment when they then wrote, were holding up the Anglican Church as a light to Christendom. We say of *men*; though the whole prospectus bears striking marks of being the composition of Dr. Pusey. The series commenced with about 700 subscribers; and its intrinsic merit was such (notwithstanding the scraps of Anglicanism tacked on to the royal purple of Christian antiquity), that to this day, though nearly every other Tractarian publication has become a drug in the market, the *Library of the Fathers* still finds a ready sale.

During 1839 and 1840 the movement went on its way victoriously. Its leaders were still full of hope; for the towers of the Eternal City had not yet risen on the horizon of their contemplations,—a point to awake the aspirations of some, and the forebodings of others. The two concluding volumes of Froude's *Remains* were sent forth, with a preface from the editors, partly in apology, but chiefly in defence, of the former volumes. Less personal in interest than the former portion, they awakened comparatively little attention; though thoughtful minds felt the force of Froude's keen remarks on Rationalism, and pondered over, if they did not sympathise with, his elaborate and triumphant vindication of St. Thomas of Canterbury.

About this time Mr. Newman published a series of Lectures on Justification, which constitutes one of the most learned and complete dogmatic treatises that Anglicanism, little enough inclined to scientific theology, has ever produced. Here, as in his volume on "Romanism and Popular Protestantism," the writer was astray in his conceptions of the facts of the Catholic Church. The doctrines which he condemned as existing in certain schools in the Roman communion, had no existence save in his own misunderstanding of Catholic theological language, and in his ignorance of that spirit which at once vivifies and expounds the teaching of Catholic doctors. In many respects, however, the Lectures on Justification is a book of great power, and abounds in striking passages, notwithstanding its tendency to over-refinement of distinction. Its most remarkable feature lies in its exposition of Luther's doctrine, which is unsurpassed in the history of controversy as a detailed view of a religious doctrine drawn by an opponent. Rarely, if ever, has Lutheranism been made to look so like the Gospel as in the opening lectures of this most candid book. Such of the Evangelicals as deigned to read it, and retained any free use of their faculties in criticising a Tractarian production, were amazed to find their favourite dogma set forth in guise more lovely than any with which they themselves had been able to invest it. It was only when they passed on to the writer's ruthless demolition of the fair fabric that they could persuade themselves that Mr. Newman was not, after all, a godly and enlightened man; and they marvelled much at the obstinacy of the corrupt heart of man, which could thus comprehend, expound, and gaze at the loveliness of Lutheranism, and yet abstain from clasping it to his heart. The book never became generally popular, even among the Puseyites themselves. It was too subtle, too learned, too scientific in language, and too hesitating in its practical conclusions, to at-



tract the regards of the great unthinking crowd. Its influence may have been considerable with a few, but it was little in comparison with the power exerted by the same writer's *Parochial Sermons*, which in successive volumes were now issuing almost yearly from the press. As they increased in numbers, so further they progressed in doctrinal fulness; while Mr. Newman's singular faculty for suggesting conclusions while he stated his premises only, filled many and many a conscience with thoughts never to be satisfied till the final bound was taken, and the anxious Puseyite found himself a Catholic indeed.

On the whole, the course of these two years was marked with less disturbance than any others in its history; but the lull was temporary, and the growing antitractarian tone of the Bishops' Charges united with the suspicious looks of the cautious men of the old school to tempt Dr. Pusey into the publication of a long *Letter to the Bishop of Oxford on the tendency to Romanism imputed to Doctrines held of old, as now, in the English Church*. Dr. Pusey himself being guiltless of the slightest tendency towards Rome, and strong in his patristic Protestantism, resolutely, and in all good faith, repelled the charge of Romanising. At this period, too, the *Dublin Review* was commencing its series of able articles on the Anglo-Catholic movement; and the anti-Roman zeal of Dr. Pusey was quickened by the sympathies which Catholics felt for Puseyism, not as such, but as leading to the true faith. Argumentatively his letter was poor enough, and it adopted the usual silly stories of the entrance of disguised Jesuits in past times into the ministry of the Establishment. Still it served the purpose of blinding the eyes of Dr. Pusey's followers to the real tendency of their principles, and so led them gently along a path from whose end they would at this period have shrunk with dismay. As to the purely Protestant public, it remained unconvinced by Dr. Pusey's special pleading.

It was during these two years that the *British Critic* matured that influence over its party which it afterwards employed with so much effect in a more openly Roman direction. Its tone was still heartily and thoroughly Anglican, the aim of Mr. Newman and his coadjutors being to prove that the Church of England was a pure and genuine representative of the Primitive Church, and to develope her hidden Catholicity. The beauty of the true Catholic Church had as yet not dawned upon their eyes. Their regard for Rome was rather a love for certain noble and ancient ideas which they saw still existing in her communion, while towards herself, as a living body, and the actual channel of Divine grace, they had little yearning. Be-

sides Mr. Newman, the principal writers in the review during the time we speak of were, Thomas Mozley and his brother James, Oakeley, Bowden, Rogers, Henry Wilberforce, Keble, Roundell Palmer, J. B. Morris, Isaac Williams, and Bowyer ; so that about half of its chief contributors have since submitted to the Catholic Church. Two of Mr. Newman's articles, one on Private Judgment, and another on the Prophecies relating to Antichrist, betrayed perhaps as distinctly as any others the ultimate issue of all the clear-headed and sincere followers of the school. The former of these set forth the singular force of the many Scripture passages in which the individual is directed to use his private judgment solely for the purpose of finding *a teacher*. The latter, with all its defects and errors, was a powerful vindication of the Church of Rome from the character of Antichrist. From this last article we shall quote a passage, notwithstanding the coolness of its assumptions, partly as shewing how miserable is the appearance of any thing like a Protestantising of the true faith on the part of temporising Catholics in the eyes of a keen Protestant observer; and partly as an example of the species of arguments with which Anglicanism was destroying itself in its own citadel.

“ What is the real place of the Church of the middle ages in the Divine scheme, need not be discussed here. If we have been defending it, this has been from no love—let our readers be assured—of the Roman party among us at this day. That party, as exhibited by its acts, is a low-minded, double-dealing, worldly-minded set; and the less we have to do with it the better. Nothing but a clear command from above could make a member of our Church recognise it in any way. We are not speaking against the Church of Rome,—it is a sister Church; we are not speaking against individual members of it,—far from it,—it is our delight to think that God has many saints among them; it ought to be our prayer that among us may be as great saints as have been among them. But what we protest against and shrink from is, that secular and political spirit which in this day has developed itself among them into a party, and at least in this country is their motive principle, organ, and ostensible head. *We have no sympathy at all with men who are afraid to own the doctrines of their religion*; who try to hoodwink the incautious and ignorant, and ungenerously cast off their and our ancestors, the Church's great champions in former times; who take part in political intrigue; who play the sycophant to great men; who flatter the base passions of the multitude; who join with those who are farther from them to attack those who are nearer to them; who imitate the low ways of the popular religion; who have



music parties in their chapels, and festivals aboard steamers, and harangue at public meetings. Such was not Borromeo; such was not Pascal; such was not Becket, Innocent, Anselm, Bernard, Hildebrand, Gregory; such were not the men of holy and humble heart whom Rome commemorates in her services. With such we wish to be 'better strangers' the longer we live; and not a word of what we have said or are about to say against the notion of Rome being apostate is spoken for the sake of the like of them. Dismissing them, then, with this protest, we proceed to our proposed remark.

"We take it, then, for granted, as being beyond doubt, that one main reason why Protestants are suspicious, both of the early Church and of our own more orthodox divines, is the dread that the doctrine and system which they teach is *denounced in prophecy* as the element of Antichrist, and savours of the predicted apostacy. When pressed with arguments from Scripture or reason, they cannot perhaps answer them; but they see, as they consider, the *end* to which the Catholic system tends. They judge that the teaching recommended to them is of Antichrist because they see that it has before now resulted in Popery; and wisely, under such an impression, they say to themselves that somewhere there must be a fallacy in the reasoning, for that the fruit is the proof of the tree. Their dread of what is really apostolical doctrine, mainly, nay, often solely, rests upon a religious apprehension that the *prophecies* have denounced it. To persons in this state of mind we propose the following question: If we must go by prophecy, *which set of prophecies* is more exactly fulfilled in the Church of the middle ages; those of Isaiah, which speak of the evangelical kingdom, or those of St. Paul and St. John, which speak of the Antichristian corruptions? If the history of Christian Rome corresponds to the denouncements of the Apocalypse, does it not more closely and literally correspond to the promises of Isaiah? If there is a chance of our taking part with Antichrist, considering the Apocalypse, is there not a greater chance of our 'speaking against the Holy Ghost,' considering the book of Isaiah?

"To take a broad view of the subject, two traits of Antichrist, we suppose, will be particularly fixed upon as attaching to the see of Rome, pride and luxury; the one seen in its extravagant temporal power, the other in its splendour. For instance, St. Paul speaks of Antichrist as 'exalting himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped;' sitting 'as God in the temple of God, shewing himself that he is God.' Again, the Beast is said to have *seven heads* and *ten crowned horns*; and the dragon gives him *power*. And

Babylon is called 'that *great city*;' and she has power over other cities, and over kings, because she is said to have 'made all nations drink of the wine of' her 'wrath,' and 'the kings of the earth had committed fornication with' her. And the Beast 'opened his mouth in blasphemy,' and the woman was on a scarlet-coloured beast, 'full of names of blasphemy.' All this, it is urged, is fulfilled in the mediæval Church's proclaiming herself (as the early Church did before her) to be Christ's vicar, in her assumption of power over kings, and her claim to define and maintain the faith, and to confer spiritual gifts. Now, as to the *mode* in which her functionaries did this, their *motives*, their *characters*, their individual *knowledge* of the faith, with all this we are not here concerned; but as to the *ultimate facts* in which the whole system *resulted*, surely they far more literally correspond to the inspired prophecy of Isaiah than to that of St. John. 'The sons of the stranger shall build up thy walls, and their *kings shall minister to thee*. The nation and kingdom that will not *serve thee* shall perish; yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted. The sons of them that afflicted thee *shall bow themselves down at the soles of thy feet*.' 'Kings shall be thy nursing fathers, and their queens thy nursing mothers; they shall *bow down to thee with their faces towards the earth, and lick up the dust of thy feet*.' 'Fear not that worm Jacob, and the men of Israel. Behold, I will make thee a *new threshing instrument having teeth*; and thou shalt *thresh the mountains* and beat them small, and shalt make the hills as chaff. Thou shalt fan them, and *the wind shall carry them away*, and the whirlwind shall scatter them.' Surely if the correspondence, whatever it is, of the prophecies of Antichrist with the history of the mediæval Church should frighten us from that Church, much more should that of the prophecies concerning Christ's kingdom with her history draw us to her.

"The other point commonly insisted on is the mediæval Church's wealth and splendour, the rich embellishment of her temples, the jewelled dress of her ministers, the offerings, shrines, pageants, and processions, which were parts of her religious service. All these are supposed to be denoted by 'the purple and scarlet colour, and gold, and precious stones, and pearls,' with the which the sorceress in the Apocalypse is arrayed; where mention is also made of 'the merchandise of gold and silver, precious stones, and of pearls, and fine linen, and purple, and silk, and scarlet, and all thyine wood, and all manner of vessels of ivory, and precious wood, and brass, and iron, and marble, and cinnamon, and odours, and ointment, and frankincense, and wine, and oil, and fine flour, and wheat,



and beasts, and horses, and chariots, and slaves, and souls of men, and the voice of harpers and musicians, and of pipers and trumpeters.' All such magnificence would of course, in itself, as little prove that the Church is Antichrist as that any king's court is Antichrist, where it is also found. But whatever cogency be assigned to the correspondence, still let a candid mind decide whether it can be made to tell more strongly against the Church than the following account of the evangelical kingdom tells in her behalf: 'I will lay thy stones with fair colours and thy foundations with *sapphires*, and I will make thy windows of *agates*, and thy gates of *carbuncles*, and all thy borders of *precious stones*;' 'the multitude of camels shall cover thee, the dromedaries of Midian and Ephah; all they from Sheba shall come; they shall bring *gold and incense*, and they shall shew forth the practices of the Lord. The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to *beautify the place of my sanctuary*. For *brass* I will bring *gold*, and for iron I will bring silver, and for wood brass, and for stones iron.' Passages such as these at least shew that precious stones are no peculiar mark of Antichrist; which is sufficiently clear even from a later chapter of the Apocalypse, in which jaspers, sapphires, and other jewels are mentioned among the treasures of the New Jerusalem." (*British Critic*, vol. xxviii. pp. 437-440.)

How the writer of these striking paragraphs soon afterwards felt his ground tottering beneath him, while a voice came forth to his soul from within that temple whose glories he already loved, though he misunderstood and maligned the worshippers within, a passage from the twelfth of his Lectures on Anglican Difficulties points out. Speaking of his second study of the Fathers, he says:

"I had set myself the study of them, with almost the single view of pursuing the series of controversies connected with our Lord's person; and to the examination of these controversies I devoted two summers, with the interval of some years between them. And now at length I was reading them for myself; for no Anglican writer had specially and minutely treated the subjects on which I was engaged. On my first introduction to them I had read them as a Protestant; and next I had read them pretty much as an Anglican, though it is observable that whatever I gained on either visit I paid them, over and above the theory or system with which I started, was in a Catholic direction. In the former of the two summers I speak of, my reading was almost entirely confined to strictly doctrinal subjects, to the exclusion of history, and I believe it left me pretty much where I was on the question of the Catholic Church;

but in the latter of the two seasons it was principally occupied with the public course of the Monophysite controversy, and the circumstances and transactions of the Council of Chalcedon, in the fifth century, and at once and irrevocably I found my faith gone in the tenableness of the fundamental principle of Anglicanism, and a doubt of it implanted in my mind which never disappeared. I thought I saw in the controversy I have named, and in the Ecumenical Council connected with it, a clear interpretation of the present state of Christendom, and a key to the different parties and personages who have figured on the Catholic or the Protestant side during the period of the Reformation. During the autumn of the same year, a paper I fell in with upon the schism of the Donatists deepened the impression which the history of the Monophysites had made; and I felt dazzled and excited by the new view of things which was thus opened upon me. Distrusting my judgment, and that I might be a better judge of the subject, I determined for a time to put it away from my mind; nor did I return to it till I gave myself to the translation of the doctrinal treatises of St. Athanasius. This occupation brought up again before me the whole question of the Arian controversy and the Nicene Council; and I clearly saw in that history, what I had not perceived on the first study of it, the same phenomenon which I had already found in the history of St. Leo and the Monophysites. From that time, what delayed my conviction of the claims of the Catholic Church upon me was not any confidence in Anglicanism as a system of doctrine, but particular objections which as yet I saw no way of reducing, and the fear that, since I found others against me, I might, in some way or other, be involved in a delusion.

“And now you will ask me, what it is I saw in the history of primitive controversies and councils which was so fatal to the pretensions of the Anglican Church? I saw that the general theory and position of Anglicanism was no novelty in ancient history, but had a distinct place in it, and a series of prototypes, and that these prototypes had ever been heretics or the patrons of heresy. The very badge of Anglicanism, as a system, is that it is a *via media*; this is its life; it is this, or it is nothing: deny this, and it forthwith dissolves into Catholicism or Protestantism. \* \* \*

“Moreover, though it may be unwilling to allow it, it is, from the nature of the case, but a particular form of Protestantism. I do not say that in secondary principles it may not agree with the Catholic Church; but, its essential idea being that she has gone too far, whereas the essential idea of Catholicism is the Church's infallibility, the *via media* is really nothing else than Protestant. Not simply to submit to the Church is to oppose her, and to side with the heretical party; for medium there is none. The *via media* assumes that Protestantism is right in its protest against Catholic doctrine, only that it needs correcting, limiting, perfecting. This surely is but a matter of fact; for it has adopted all the great Protestant doctrines, as its most strenuous upholder and the highest of



Anglo-Catholics will be obliged to allow: the mutilated canon, the defective rule of faith, justification by faith only, putative righteousness, the infection of nature in the regenerate, the denial of the five sacraments, the relation of faith to the Sacramental Presence, and the like; its aim being nothing else than to moderate, with Melancthon, the extreme statements of Luther, to keep them from shocking the feelings of human nature, to protect them from the criticism of common sense, and from the pressure and urgency of controversial attack. Thus we have three parties on the historical stage: the see and communion of Rome; the original pure Protestant, violent, daring, offensive, fanatical in his doctrines; and a cautious middle party, quite as heretical in principle and in doctrinal elements as Protestantism itself, but having an eye to the necessities of controversy, sensible in its ideas, sober in its tastes, safe in its statements, conservative in its aims, and practical in its measures. Such a *via media* has been represented by the line of Archbishops of Canterbury from Tillotson downwards, as by Cranmer before them. Such in their theology, though not in their persons or their histories, were Laud and Bull, Taylor and Hammond, and I may say nearly all the great authorities of the Established Church. This distinctive character has often been noticed, especially by Mr. Alexander Knox, and much might be said upon it; and, as I have already observed, it ever receives the special countenance of the civil magistrate, who, if he could, would take up with a religion without any doctrines whatever, as Warburton well understands, but who, in the case of a necessary evil, admires the sobriety of Tillotson, and the piety of Patrick, and the elegance of Jortin, and the literary merits of Lowth, and the shrewd sense of Paley.

“Now this sketch of the relative positions of the See of Rome, Protestantism, the *via media*, and the State, which we see in the history of the last three centuries, is, I repeat, no novelty in history; it is almost its rule, certainly its rule during the long period when relations existed between the Byzantine Court and the Holy See; and it is impossible to resist the conclusion, which the actual inspection of the history in detail forces upon us, that what the See of Rome was then, such is it now; that what Arius, Nestorius, or Eutyches were then, such are Luther and Calvin now; what the Eusebians or Monophysites then, such the Anglican hierarchy now; what the Byzantine Court then, such is now the Government of England, and such would have been many a Catholic Court had it had its way. That ancient history is not dead, it lives; it prophesies of what passes before our eyes; it is founded in the nature of things; we see ourselves in it as in a glass; and if the *via media* was heretical then, it is heretical now.”

Among the chief anti-Protestant demonstrations of the *British Critic*, during the first period of its Tractarianism, some of the most amusing and influential were its architectural essays. About this time the revival of Gothic archi-

itecture was beginning to become popular. In the Catholic Church and the Establishment simultaneously, a strong feeling of disgust rose up against the miserable structures and devices of the past century; the result, among Catholics, chiefly of poverty, among Protestants, of an heretical disregard of the externals of religion. Into the *mêlée* which the revival occasioned, the *British Critic* entered heart and hand. In Mr. Thomas Mozley, an architectural critic of considerable ability, the revivalists found a champion as witty as he was doughty. He cut up the abortions in church-building which were the objects of complacent delight among Evangelicals and architects; discoursed in glowing terms of the glories of "open roofs;" set the mouths of ardent church-builders watering; tilted with Mr. Pugin; and without a doubt materially helped onwards that study of Gothic art which has now become a fashion with every Protestant sect in the kingdom. Now, too, architectural societies sprung up in Oxford and Cambridge, soon to be aided by coadjutors in the provinces. The land swarmed with Anglican youths and maidens, and men of mature age, visiting old churches, sketching windows, rubbing "brasses," reviling pews, picking off whitewash, and anticipating the gradual "Catholicising" of Protestant England by virtue of pointed arches, encaustic tiles, painted windows, and lecterns from which the clergymen read the prayers with their backs to the people. A clever and caustic writer, Mr. Paget, chaplain to the Bishop of Oxford, helped on the work by a few laughable squibs against cheap churches, charity balls, and the rest of the devices of an age desirous of cheating itself into charity. Architectural publications, some of them of considerable merit, were multiplied; and many, who had no more real sympathy with the mediæval Church than with Mahometanism (if as much), were fancied, and even fancied themselves, at the very gates of Rome, because they spent their days in talking about mouldings and arches and rood-screens, and were learned in all the details of Catholic vestments and Catholic church-furniture.

They who thus identified Gothic architecture with "Catholic principles" were not a little mortified, nevertheless, at a structure which arose in one of the best sites of Oxford itself. The Protestant party determined to have a demonstration of their own, and erected a large cross (after the pattern of the old "Eleanor" crosses, as they are called) in honour of the heroes of the Reformation. A tall "Protestant memorial," with images in stone of Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley, delighted the eyes of the anti-Tractarians, and to this day remains among the best, if not absolutely the best, of all the



Gothic erections, whether Catholic or Protestant, which the present architectural revival has created.

We have now reached the year of hottest warfare, when the movement suddenly shewed itself before the world in its true colours, and—without exaggeration—the noise it made reverberated even to the Eternal City. How strange and unexpected had been its progress up to 1841, was proved by a singular step taken in its regard by a no less acute observer than the proprietor of the *Times* newspaper. Another acute observer of the signs of the age, the late Sir Robert Peel, had just issued a manifesto of his opinions on the influence of secular knowledge on the wellbeing of man. The “Address,” delivered by Sir Robert Peel on the establishment of the Tamworth Reading-room, exhibited the great baronet as a patron of principles hitherto supposed peculiar to the school of Brougham, of the Whigs and the Radicals. With all his characteristic complacency, Sir Robert announced his adhesion to the system which advocates mental cultivation apart from religion; or, as he would have stated it, in connexion with such comprehensive ideas on religion as would embrace alike the Catholic and the Socinian, the Anglican and the Quaker. The liberal press of the day was fairly thrown into ecstacy at the conversion of so illustrious an individual; Tories and High Churchmen looked askance, or frowned severe; and the Address was read and commented on with no little marvel as to the ultimate development of its author’s views.

Among other journalists, the late Mr. Walter, chief proprietor and manager of the *Times*, considered that the time was come for “taking up” Puseyism, and for striking a heavy blow at the latitudinarian Peel in the columns of his paper. Little foreseeing what a manifestation of the tendencies of the movement was on the eve of appearing, and still less anticipating that a day was at hand when he would treat the outward marks and works of Puseyism as a personal insult to himself, Mr. Walter visited Mr. Newman at Oriel College, and urged him again and again to write against Peel’s Address in the *Times* newspaper. This was in the month of February, and but one month before the publication of Tract 90, and supplies perhaps as curious an instance as could be named of the miscalculations into which the most accomplished watchers of public opinion are frequently betrayed. At length Mr. Newman consented to the request, and a series of letters speedily appeared, with the signature of “*Catholicus*,” which set the *quidnuncs* gossiping throughout the kingdom, and handled Sir Robert with a delicacy and severity

of satire and argumentative dissection, compared to which the ruder attacks of which he had been the frequent subject in the House of Commons were as a game of play. Some few knew the authorship of the letters; others guessed it, for it was difficult indeed not to detect the well-known style; but of the innumerable readers of the *Times*, on the whole, comparatively few ever learnt whose was the hand that inflicted the scourging.

A very entertaining and clever critique, both of the "Address" and of the letters of Catholicus, appeared shortly afterwards in the *British Critic*, which no one could suppose to proceed from any other pen than that of Mr. T. Mozley. From this article we cannot forbear quoting a paragraph, in which a speech is put into the philosophical baronet's mouth, which puts, in a light not more ludicrous than literally true, the audacious mockery of consolation and support with which the advocates of non-dogmatic mental culture delude their victims.

"'Come to me,' Sir Robert seems to say," (says the reviewer) "'you whose spirits are straitened by poverty and debased by toil, who wish for pleasure without unlawful stimulus, and advancement in the scale of beings without selfishness. For an hour or two, when your daily task is done, frequent the calm retreats of holy science. Leave behind you at these gates the angry controversies which lacerate the world about the right principles of social order and the true way of salvation. Leave demagogues and fanatics to spend their rage on one another. As rational men, you need no longer concern yourselves with such exploded follies. Listen now to what I can offer in exchange. I will teach you to exalt your minds with entomological researches, to learn magnanimity by decimal fractions, to tranquillise your tempers with the study of chemical affinities, and to refresh your daily lassitude by calculating the planetary revolutions. When you fancy yourselves oppressed by your rulers, you shall learn patience from the Siberian mammoth imbedded 18,000 years in a mountain of ice, and when discovered, as fresh as ever. When you are hungry, you shall hear your sensations fully accounted for, and have your cravings at the same time considerably abated, by a lecture on the process of digestion, with diagrams of the organs thereof, the gullet, and the alimentary canal; and if that prove insufficient, you will be informed how the camel crosses whole deserts without drinking, the bear lives throughout winter on its own fat, and the toad has existed for thousands of years with no other nourishment than the moisture distilled through the pores of the rock. If your domestic



peace is disturbed by conjugal broils or filial disobedience, you shall make experiments on the composition of forces. Should your conscience be distressed, or your superstitious fears awakened with respect to a future world, we will direct your attention to the series of changes this planet has already gone through. Your unfailing nepenthe in the hour of pain shall be to find the square root of surds; and in the last awful scene, when your wife and children are weeping round your bed, and your soul is about to wing its flight into eternity, you will feel an inexpressible comfort either in calculating the attraction of a particle placed in the vertex of a paraboloid, or in observing the scientific principles on which beavers construct their dams, or perhaps in following up the series of experiments which led to the new and beautiful process for refining sugar by which such large fortunes have been made. Nay more—I beg pardon for introducing the much-controverted idea of a future state; yet supposing for a moment that when the body returns to the dust, the animating principle should still survive, and the noble intelligence of a Watt or a Davy should linger near the loved scenes of their intellectual triumphs; it becomes then at least a most delightful and encouraging speculation, that the vast extension and improvement of railroads, the penny post, and the wonderful applications of electricity to distant communication and the working of metals, may even enlighten and solace the drear darkness of the tomb.’”—*British Critic*, vol. xxx. pp. 57-59.

Early in March, then, Oxford awoke one morning to find in the booksellers’ shops an essay, being No. 90 of the *Tracts for the Times*, calmly maintaining that a man may sign the Thirty-nine Articles of the Anglican Church, while he holds all the doctrines of the Council of Trent. The writer, who seemed unconscious of the startling character of his announcements, avowed the opinion that Anglicans owed no duties towards the framers of the Articles, but that they are *bound* to interpret the Articles in the most Catholic sense they will admit. To shew that they do not absolutely *exclude* a Catholic sense was the professed object of the Tract, which was published with the view of satisfying the consciences of a class of minds, daily becoming less uncommon, who, while they scrupled not to disobey the command of the Catholic Church to enter her fold, were tempted to desert the Establishment on the ground of the Protestantism of its formularies. In a moment the ecclesiastical world rose up astonished. Ultra-Puseyites rejoiced to find that so much could be said in behalf of that Church to which they still desired to cleave; the moderate

school for the most part cast off the Tractarians with indignation; the Evangelicals resolved not to lose so precious an opportunity for crushing their formidable foes; and the University authorities determined that "something must be done." The writer's theory that the anti-Roman declarations of the Articles are directed against certain gross practical corruptions, and not against the guarded dogmatic statements of the Church of Rome, was treated as a disingenuous quibble; and though many of the old supporters of the Tracts still refused to condemn him, a formidable tempest was soon stirred up. A Tract on the Mysticism of the Early Fathers, by the Rev. John Keble, which had immediately preceded the publication of No. 90, was overlooked in the agitation; all lesser iniquities being forgotten in the enormities of the crowning act of Tractarian audacity. Four college-tutors took the lead in the new crusade. Messrs. Churton, Wilson, Griffiths, and Tait, wrote and published a letter to the editor of the *Tracts*, calling upon him, in not uncourteous terms, to give up the name of the author of Tract 90. Within a week afterwards the local governing body of the University, consisting of the Vice-Chancellor, Heads of Houses, and Proctors, passed the following resolution in condemnation of the Tract: "Resolved, That the modes of interpretation, such as are suggested in the said Tract, evading rather than explaining the sense of the Thirty-nine Articles, and reconciling subscription to them with the adoption of errors which they were designed to counteract, defeats the object and are inconsistent with the due observance of" certain University statutes. On the following day (March 16th) Mr. Newman addressed the following letter to the Vice-Chancellor:

"Mr. Vice-Chancellor,—I write this respectfully to inform you that I am the author, and have the sole responsibility, of the Tract on which the Hebdomadal Board has just now expressed an opinion; and that I have not given my name hitherto, under the belief that it was desired that I should not. I hope it will not surprise you if I say that my opinion remains unchanged of the truth and honesty of the principle maintained in the Tract, and of the necessity of putting it forth. At the same time I am prompted by my feelings to add my deep consciousness that every thing I attempt might be done in a better spirit and in a better way; and while I am sincerely sorry for the trouble and anxiety I have given to the members of the Board, I beg leave to return my thanks to them for an act which, even though founded on misappre-



hension, may be made as profitable to myself as it is religiously and charitably intended.

“ I say all this with great sincerity, and am,

“ Mr. Vice-Chancellor,

“ Your obedient servant,

“ JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

“ Oriel College, March 16th, 1841.”

Already Mr. Newman had published an explanation and vindication of the Tract in a “ Letter to Dr. Jelf, by the Author.” He there stated in the strongest terms his antipathy to the (supposed) existing Roman system, asserting that he thought that “ the present authoritative teaching of the Church of Rome, to judge by what we see of it in public, went very far indeed to substitute another Gospel for the true one.” His object in writing the Tract he declared to be “ the quieting the consciences of persons who considered that the Articles prevented them holding views found in the Primitive Church.”

Within a few days Mr. Newman received a message from the Bishop of Oxford, who had always shewn him great kindness, advising him to give up the series of the *Tracts for the Times*, and stating that he considered No. 90 to be objectionable, and tending to disturb the peace and tranquillity of the Church. To this message Mr. Newman replied by a published letter, instantly acquiescing in the Bishop's advice, and at the same time re-stating, in another way, his repeatedly asserted opinion, that Tractarianism was opposed to, and did not logically lead to, submission to the Church of Rome. He further vindicated his conduct as Vicar of St. Mary's from various aspersions, and thus concluded: “ And now, my Lord, suffer me to thank your Lordship for your most abundant and extraordinary kindness towards me in the midst of the exercise of your authority. I have nothing to be sorry for, except having made your Lordship anxious, and others whom I am bound to revere. I have nothing to be sorry for, but every thing to rejoice in and be thankful for. I have never taken pleasure in seeming to be able to move a party; and whatever influence I have had has been found, not sought after. I have acted because others did not act, and have sacrificed a quiet which I prized. May God be with me in time to come, as He has been hitherto! and He will be, if I can but keep my hand clean and my heart pure. I think I can bear, or at least will try to bear, any personal humiliation, so that I am preserved from betraying sacred interests, which the Lord of grace and power has given into my charge.”

Of the many other pamphlets which No. 90 called into existence, little need be said. One of the most important was Dr. Pusey's letter to Dr. Jelf, from which we quote a foot-note, as shewing the almost incredible gift of misapprehension of the language of Catholics which we find among nearly all Protestants. "One who had gone over to Romanism," says Dr. Pusey, "stated to the author that he had never met with any other doctrine as to purgatory" (than that its pains do *not* consist of "sensible suffering") "among Romanists, though he had spoken with very many. The pain, according to him, consisted in an intense longing for the Divine Presence; so that, instead of being a state of 'greater suffering than any thing in this life,' it would be a state of higher joy than is vouchsafed to most Christians, corresponding to that spoken of in the Canticles!"

By this time the attention of English Catholics was directed more and more closely to the progress of the movement, and a series of controversial articles appeared in the *Dublin Review*, not to speak of various published letters and single pamphlets. The practical influence of these was, nevertheless, but extremely limited; at least in its *direct* bearings. Anglicans avoid with so much terror the very touch of aught that comes from Rome, that few could bring themselves to read the remarks of "Romanists;" and those who did read them, for the most part treated their arguments as specimens of sophistical pleading. With a very few, indeed, the case was different; and Dr. Wiseman's writings unquestionably exercised no little power on certain minds, and those not the least influential. Still, the striking fact remains, that the movement towards the old faith and its final issue (whose *ultimate* magnitude can scarcely be overrated) arose as it were spontaneously within the Establishment itself, and has been fostered and in almost all individual cases matured, through the study, under Divine grace, of the writings of the Fathers and of the controversial and devotional works of certain Catholic theologians and Saints, and not by intercourse with living Catholics in this country. If the question were to be put to all those converts whose position has brought their names before the public, it would be found that, in the immense majority of cases, they had never spoken to a Catholic on any religious subject, save when old friendship may have led them to converse with those who had preceded them, until they presented themselves for actual admission into the Catholic Church.

Thus, then, matters stood after the publication of Tract 90. The *Tracts for the Times* had come to an end; many an



apparent sympathiser was discouraged and driven back, and many a zealous Romaniser believed himself now firmly established in his allegiance to Anglicanism. To pause, however, was impossible. No men in earnest were ever stayed by such subtleties as No. 90 put forward. They in whose hearts Catholic *doctrine* had taken root were forced either to water it until it germinated and gave forth its flowers and fruit, or to tear it from their breasts and cast it from them. Nobody, in fact, believed that things could go on as before. Already not a few were "straggling to Rome," and the Protestant public would have been little surprised to read the names of Newman, Pusey, Keble, and every supporter or even palliator of No. 90, as having been received at the Catholic College of St. Mary's, Oscott. Nor were such expectations unnatural in those who came across a certain letter written by "A Young Member of the University of Oxford" to the editor of the *Univers* newspaper. In this epistle, which was well known to be from the pen of Mr. Dalgairns of Exeter College, the prospects of Tractarianism as leading to the re-uniting of England with Rome were painted in the most glowing colours. The French Catholics—as was natural—were astonished and overjoyed to behold the rapturous terms in which the writer, who dated his letter, "*Passion Sunday*, 1841," expressed his veneration and love for the see of St. Peter, and earnestly besought that the Crypto-Catholics of Oxford might be permitted to remain in the bosom of the Establishment, that they might familiarise the English people with the name of Rome, and so gently lead them to the portals of the true Church. That this letter had no inconsiderable influence in the ultimate conversion of the writer and of many others, we cannot doubt. The prayers of the French Catholics were quickened by its ardent zeal and manifest sincerity; and though the day of grace was delayed yet for some years to most of those who in the end submitted, unquestionably the silent work never ceased within, till the eyes were opened, and the heart strengthened for the first step. On Mr. Dalgairns himself the publication of the letter had one immediate result. He was refused college-testimonials for orders in the Anglican Church, and thus was never seduced into those professional ties which ensnare so many souls who are brought within sight of the towers of the Eternal City.

Meanwhile a novel and unwelcome portent arose to view almost beneath the very shadow of the towers of Oxford. Some three or four miles from the city is a little village, until then not known to fame, to which the eyes of the gossips were speedily directed, and whence mysterious tidings

began to spread throughout the land. It was whispered that Mr. Newman was establishing a monastery at Littlemore, where also he had built a small church, to serve as a chapel of ease to St. Mary's Church in Oxford, Littlemore being an outlying hamlet of the parish. The Lents of 1840 and 1841 he had already passed there in religious seclusion; and in the middle of the latter year he purchased the shell of some half-finished cottages, and proceeded to finish them as a house for a "community." Many were the walks of dons and undergraduates to inspect the progress of the mysterious building; many the shrugs of the enemy, and many the exulting anticipations of the friend. In Lent 1842 Mr. Newman went to reside permanently at Littlemore, accompanied by a few much attached companions. There they went gently along the path which God led them, erring in certain things for want of guidance, and feeling their trembling way in the slowly brightening gloom. "When," cries the author of the Lectures before us, "when shall I not feel the soothing recollection of those dear years which I spent in retirement, in preparation for my deliverance from Egypt, asking for light, and by degrees gaining it, with less of temptation in my heart and sin on my conscience than ever before?" And thus they prepared for the great change to come.

Meanwhile it was reserved for the Government of the day to bring this memorable year to a close with an event well fitted to strengthen the convictions of those who felt with Mr. Newman, that the Anglican Church is but a house of bondage to the children of God. For certain purposes, which now appear even more contemptible than they were deemed at the time by men of many parties, it was resolved that the English and Prussian nations conjointly should erect a Protestant bishopric at Jerusalem. The Chevalier Bunsen, the adviser and instrument of the Prussian sovereign in his ecclesiastical experiments, was the chief promoter of a scheme which had slight fascinations for the most genuine of English Protestants; and had it not been for the knowledge that the measure was intolerable to the Tractarian party, the device would have found few English supporters indeed. The more consistent High Churchmen of course joined in the cry which Oxford raised, and denounced it as a twofold sin, in that it assumed a right in the British Government to parcel out the whole world into bishoprics, and in that it placed on the new episcopal throne Prussian Protestants unprepared by any Anglican consecration. The feeling of the movement party against this truly "National Church" scheme was intense and loudly expressed. Vague threats of secession were held out in case the measure



should be carried; and it is probable that its accomplishment, in the teeth of all remonstrance, materially shook the faith of many in the "Catholic" character of the Church of England. No one, however, we believe, actually left the Establishment when a Protestantised Jew entered the sacred city with his domestic train, and claimed to rule where an Apostle had first governed the Church of God.

And thus ended 1841. Tractarianism was still unshaken in its sway. The converts from its ranks to Rome were regarded as youthful, unstable minds, seduced by the spells of her whose character it is to deceive the nations. The *Times* newspaper, which had rashly taken up the cause, still laboured to persuade Protestants that Anglo-Catholicism was the only true religion, and as far from Popery as from ultra-Calvinism. Few but the Evangelicals had irrevocably broken with the new school; and it was sincerely believed by innumerable staunch Protestants, that Mr. Newman was too good and too humble a man ever to forsake the Church of England. And thus we quit the movement for the present, trusting in two more Numbers to bring our story to an end.

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#### SHORT NOTICES.

THE columns of the newspapers overflow with advertisements of "No Popery" publications of every size and grade; but Catholics, for the most part, have kept silence. The Cardinal's *Appeal* has had an immense circulation, exclusive of that given to it by the Protestant journals, which for the most part have published it at length. Any thing more advantageous to us could scarcely have been devised. Among other Catholic publications on the same question, there have appeared the Bishop of Birmingham's truly episcopal discourse on *the Office of a Bishop*, and Father Newman's most striking sermon, *Christ upon the Waters*, both delivered at the enthronement of the Bishop at Birmingham. Dr. Errington is publishing a very useful series of *Four Lectures on the Hierarchy*, preached at St. John's, Salford. Mr. Bowyer's pamphlet treats the question under its legal aspect unanswerably.

With views peculiar to himself, the author of *Proposals for Christian Union* has issued the concluding essay of his series, in the form of a sketch on *the Greek Church*, not inopportunately at the present moment. Like its predecessors, it is a work of care and love, agreeably and amiably written, and containing a good deal of information (trustworthy and the reverse), but visionary to the last degree.

Archbishop Talbot's *Protestant Bishops proved to be no real Bishops*